

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1260.—July 25, 1868.

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From The Owl.

R. I. P.

A MEETING was called a few days since at the house of a well-known Dowager Countess to lay down a fresh code for the duration of mourning amongst the Upper Classes. The noble Hostess being called to the chair, opened the proceedings with a few appropriate remarks. She said that the introduction of railways and telegraphs had hastened the action of human life and the mental system to an unprecedented extent. Look at the Funds. It was impossible, from one half hour to the other, to calculate on a permanent fall, or a permanent rise. A telegram might arrive any moment at the Foreign Office, and Mr. Hammond might interfere with the best devised financial combination. In fact, she herself, on the advice of an old Italian diplomatist, had beared Austrian stock but a few moments before a telegram from Pesth had established an advance of three per cent. Then, again, look at wars. What with railways and needle-guns they had become narrowed to the smallest dimensions, and a peace was concluded in the space of time that, according to Sir Josiah Barrington, used to be consumed with an Irish ball. Courtships were over in three days. Honey-moons were reduced to a week, and evanescent affections, which used to last from one to two years, are reduced to as many months. Life now crowded into itself more events than were heretofore comprised in a generation, and it was therefore indispensable that the period of mourning should be curtailed, if, in fact, any at all were necessary. The noble Chairwoman therefore proposed that immediate steps should be taken to establish a uniform rule, and she hoped that all private family traditions, as to the duration of grief, should be merged in the general social legislation that would follow this important gathering.

Miss Niobe Alpaca, from Jay's Warehouse, having been selected as permanent salaried secretary, the following resolutions were discussed—

Lady Moire Antique, as an elderly widow, considered it her duty to espouse the cause of those young married women who might ere long be reduced to the same sad condition as herself. (Cheers.) The first function of a woman was amusement. (Cheers.) The second, marriage. (Loud cheers.) The third, grief. (Protracted applause.) It was with regret that she stated that the absurd regulations respecting grief that obtained in her youth had debarred her for one year from amusement, for two years from marriage. (Oh!) Without further preface, then, she would move the first resolution—"That henceforth the mourning of widows for their dear defuncts shall be limited to one week for every year of marriage."

The motion having been seconded,

Lady Hysteria Gushing rose to move an amendment, viz.—"That after the word defuncts should be inserted the words, 'except in cases of perpetual woe.'"

Lady Moire Antique replied that she could

not accept the amendment. She was quite aware that there were some ladies who adored the luxury of grief, and who, thinking mourning very becoming, preferred widowhood and a series of flirtations to going boldly forward and competing for a Number Two, Three, or Four, as the case might be. (Murmurs.) With such as these she had no patience. (Loud cheers.) Let them go in, and, if they could, win. (Hear, hear.) But as to loungers on sofas in widow's caps, with cottages at Petersham, and miniatures on guéridons, it was unfair—(cheers)—unwomanly—(cheers)—unwidowlike—(loud cheers)—and un-English. (Reiterated applause.)

The Marchioness Cityward rose and said that before a division was taken she wished to ask a few questions. She was not a widow, but soon might be. Her husband—well, never mind; but Marquises were sometimes partial to persons—she used the phrase advisedly—to persons who had wrongs. But never mind. She was not a widow, and really hoped not to be one for a long time. But she wished to know—first, whether the period of mourning was to begin running from the day of decease or the day of the funeral. This was a most important consideration, and must not be overlooked. Secondly, she wished to know if, at the expiration of the mourning, supposing it to be a short one, the principle of immediate remarriage was admitted.

Lady Angela Sweetlove said she would at once resolve these problems. She considered that in cases where the mourning was to be under three weeks it should date from the funeral. If for a longer term, from the date of the dear one's departure. As to the second question, she was of opinion that it must much depend on the eligibility of the proposed successor.

Lady Maneater inquired what amusements were available during the first burst of grief.

Lady Moire Antique took it on herself to say that she saw no harm in the Polytechnic. This, perhaps, did not suit all minds, in which case the Opera, or a play in a retired box, might, under certain circumstances, be admissible.

A short discussion was then raised as to the mourning to be observed by aunts, sisters, nieces, and cousins; but this being considered an unnecessary waste of time, the question was put and carried unanimously.

The President then reported progress, and tea was brought in.

TURNING A TYPE INSIDE OUT.

THE type of faith or Spiritual reliance,
Used to be "DANIEL in the den of Lions."
But since a certain case in Chancery,
"LYONS in DANIEL's den," it ought to be.

Punch.

HIGH WALK OF ART.—BLONDIN across Niagara.

Punch.

From The North British Review.

Histoire de Saint Louis. Par Félix Faure.
Paris, 1867.

VOLTAIRE said of Louis IX., "*Il n'est pas donné à l'homme de pousser plus loin la vertu,*" and Voltaire can hardly be expected to be prejudiced in favour of a king considered by the Church of Rome as a fit subject for canonization. The only rival, from a moral point of view, perhaps in all history, who can be found for Saint Louis, is Marcus Aurelius. Both were perfect representatives, the one of a religion, the other of a philosophy, which enjoined the practice of self-abnegation to an almost superhuman extent. But history, as a rule, may be said, like children, not to evince any extravagant attachment to those held up as paragons of exemplary conduct. She is more fond of associating herself with the *grands scélérats* of all ages—the Borgias, the Catherines de Medici, the Richards III., and Philips II.; and to say the truth, unless the paragon happens to be born in an age of revolution and trouble, his life is not likely to have much to do with those tragic vicissitudes and episodes of terror which rouse the wilder emotions into activity. And the reign of Saint Louis especially, so far as France is concerned, could, without his Crusades, hardly be made very attractive reading by any expenditure of human art. Happy, it has been said, are the people who have no history; and France, from the date of the battle of Taillebourg in 1242, down to the end of the reign of Saint Louis in 1270, was in the enjoyment of profound peace. The only history of the country consists in a record of the yearly journeys of the King from town to town, vigilantly looking after the interests of his people,—of his administrative and legislative reforms, and in long accounts of the immense expenditure of his inexhaustible charities,—none of which subjects offer very attractive material for readers fond of stimulants, and not given to special habits of study. One portion of the achievements of his reign would indeed be of the highest interest to the student of art, if its history could be fairly exhibited,—the progress of ecclesiastical and civil architecture,—since the pointed-arch style reached its perfection in this

reign. Saint Louis was the Augustus or the Pericles of the so-called Gothic style; the marvellous cathedrals of Amiens, Bourges, the choir of Beauvais, and many other masterpieces of ecclesiastical structure; such choice *bijoux* as the Sainte-Chapelle, built as a reliquary for the crown of thorns, procured from the Emperor of Constantinople; a countless number of abbeys, convents, hospitals, and fine specimens also of pointed-arch civil architecture;—were either completed or commenced in the reign of Saint Louis. To use the picturesque language of the Sire de Joinville—"As the transcriber illuminates the book which he is writing with gold and azure, so the said king illuminated his kingdom with the fine abbeys which he built there, with Maisons-Dieu and the monasteries of the Preachers (the Dominicans), and the Chartreux (the Franciscans), and other religious orders."

But it is as the last of the Crusaders that Louis stands in the most romantic light before posterity, and that history finds a tragic and sentimental interest in his life. The Crusades, which began with Godfrey de Bouillon, ended with Saint Louis—both men of the grandest types of humanity, and the difference of which well illustrates the progress of ethics and religion during the two centuries and a half which intervened between them.

If it were not for the precious record which has escaped oblivion,—the life-like and charming narrative of the Sire de Joinville,—we should have a very imperfect acquaintance with the real character of Saint Louis; and as it is, notwithstanding their close intimacy, and the delightful example of how a king and a hero can be familiar with a subject and yet retain his veneration, it is clear that Joinville was not capable of entirely comprehending the elevation and nobility of the King's mind, and that Saint Louis exercised a good deal of reserve towards him in the innermost convictions and highest aspirations of his soul. The piety of Saint Louis, like all true piety, was in the highest degree modest and sensitive; and he forbore to make any display of it, except so far as he thought it for their own and the public good. He showed, in the unforeseen way in which he proclaimed both his Crusades, that he knew how to

keep his own counsel up to the very last moment in matters in which his whole soul was engaged; not that he was in any degree morose, or naturally reserved — on the contrary, his disposition was constantly cheerful; what pleased him especially in Joinville was his gay and frank nature; and he laughed at his blunt repartees, even when they did not coincide with his own sentiments, in the greatest good-humour. But on one occasion he said to him — “*Je n’ose vous parler, à cause de l’esprit subtil dont vous êtes doué, de chose qui touche à Dieu.*” Joinville was a pious man, but this speech characterizes the difference which existed between him and the King. The light smart nature of the good-hearted Champenois feudal chief was not ungenial to Louis, but it was not one to which he would be likely wholly to unburthen himself of his inmost deliberations.

One anecdote portrays well the friendly familiarity which existed between the King and the Seneschal. When they were both at Acre, in Palestine, a number of Armenian pilgrims came to De Joinville and asked him to show them “*le saint roi.*” De Joinville went and found the King sitting on the bare sand in his tent, leaning his back against the tent-pole, and said to him, “*Sire, there are some people here from Armenia in pilgrimage, to Jerusalem, and they want to see ‘le saint roi;’ but as for me, I do not yet desire to kiss your bones*” — “*Et le roi rit moult clairement et me dit de les aller quérir.*”

Saint Louis, indeed, could be familiar withall, even with mendicants, without losing his dignity; and as for a “*prud-homme,*” meaning in the language of the time a “*valiant and true man,*” he always rose from his seat to welcome him when he entered his presence. To his most familiar friends he signed himself in writing Louis de Poissy, having been born at Poissy, on the 25th of April, 1215. He set indeed small value on his kingship compared with his membership by baptism in the Christian community. “*Bel ami,*” he said finely to one of his nobles whom he admitted to his intimacy, “*je ne me considère que comme un roi de la fevê dont la royauté ne dure qu’au soir.*”

Saint Louis, both by birth and education, owed most of his fine qualities to his heroic-

minded and pious mother, Blanche of Castille, who became a widow by the death of the feeble-minded Louis VIII., in consequence of the fatigues of the siege of Avignon, when Saint Louis was of the age of six. Blanche was grand-daughter of Henry II. of England, and of Alphonse VIII. of Castille. Thus Richard Cœur de Lion was his great-uncle. And since Philip Augustus, his grandfather, married Isabella of Hainault, descended from the last of the Carolingian princes, Saint Louis had not only Hugues Capet, but Charlemagne, Alfred, and William the Conqueror, among his ancestors.

Blanche of Castille told her son one day that she would rather see him dead before her than know he had committed one mortal sin, and the education she gave him was in accordance with this precept. As a boy, Saint Louis was remarkable for his fine features, his fair and delicate complexion, and his abundant blonde hair; but later in life, his delicate constitution, his daily austere religious practices, and the fatigue and sufferings of the first Crusade, made his cheek thin and pale, and his form spare, and gave him an air of premature age. The expression of his face was one of habitual sweetness, so that after death, when stretched on the sands of Carthage, he seemed to smile on his beholders. His infancy and youth were spotlessly pure, and his religious habits were early formed, at a time when the daily life of princes partook of all the severity of the cloister. A prince of regular life — was not only present every day at mass, but followed all the canonical rites from matins to vespers; read daily not only his breviary, but the works of St. Augustine, St. Cyprian, St. Anselm, and other doctors of the Church. The education, then, of Saint Louis was of a cloistral kind. He got little of what we now call secular and scientific training; he thought, up to his latest hour, that Cairo was the ancient Babylon; and his biographer mentions that he was never given to singing profane songs, but preferred the chanting of Latin hymns, of which *Ave Maria Stella* was his favourite.

He learnt, in common with the noble-born youths of his time, all the exercises of chivalry, and the chase with hound and falcon, but never conceived any great pas-

sion for the latter, and remarked in later days, when he heard that observations were made of the time he devoted to his religious duties, that if he spent daily twice the time with dice or in the forest, no one would have thought it extraordinary.

In those turbulent times, when the feudal chieftains were still fierce and impatient of any power superior to their own, the accession of a young king of six, with a widowed mother, a stranger in the kingdom, seemed a splendid opportunity for making all possible aggressions on the royal power, and the coronation of the young boy-king offered few circumstances of good augury. Scarcely any of the great barons attended, to avoid paying homage to the child, whom they intended to despoil to the utmost of their power. And shortly after the coronation ceremony at Rheims, when Blanche was at the royal castle of Montlhéry, some of the great feudal chiefs made a plot for seizing the Queen-mother and her son. But the prestige of feudalism had received a deadly blow at the great battle of Bovines, a year before the birth of Louis. The burgesses of the towns, who received their privileges from the crown, and hated the social oppressions of the great barons, were warmly attached to the royal cause; and when Blanche sent word to Paris that she was afraid to come there, because the great barons threatened the road, the whole of the citizens turned out in arms and lined the way from Montlhéry. The memory of this devotion of the people to the royal cause in his boyhood sank deep into the heart of Louis; he spoke of it with affection to his latest day, and he never ceased to love his people as his children. "Beau fils," he said to his eldest son in 1259, "je te prie que tu te fasses aimer du peuple de ton royaume, car vraiment j'aimerais mieux qu'un Ecossais vint d'Ecosse et gouvernât le peuple du royaume bien et loyalement que si tu le gouvernasses mal appertement."

It might indeed have fared ill with the boy had he not possessed such a mother as Blanche of Castille; and the two are inseparably connected in history. She was beautiful, high-minded, able in government, and of spotless reputation. Not seeing any one in whom she could trust to direct the affairs of her son, she assumed the Regency

herself; she managed the affairs of the royalty so dexterously, that she again and again dissolved or broke up by force factious leagues of the rebellious feudal lords; even after Louis became of age, his reverence for his mother was such that he disturbed her position as little as possible; and up to her death, which happened when her son was in Palestine, she continued to be the Regent of the kingdom in fact, if not in name.

She married Louis at twenty to Marguerite, the daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence. Marguerite was seven years younger than her husband, was beautiful, high-spirited, and generous; and the marriage was an admirable one, though the jealousy of Blanche, who was fearful of her influence over the son she had watched over and adored, was a great trial to both Marguerite and her husband. And when Blanche of Castille died, and Louis shut himself up at Acre in private sorrow for two days, Marguerite also showed signs of great sorrow; but on being asked what cause *she* had to grieve, confessed she mourned not on her own account, but out of sympathy for her husband.

The events of the reign of Saint Louis may be divided under five heads:—

I. His repression of the rebellious spirit of the great feudatories, in pursuance of the policy tending to the consolidation of the French monarchy, commenced by Louis le Gros, carried on by Philip Augustus, himself, and Philip the Fair, and completed by Louis XI.

II. His relations with England, in connexion with the English possessions in France.

III. His position as neutral in the great quarrel between the Popes and the house of Hohenstauffen.

IV. His legislative and other reforms in the internal government of France, and his character as Sovereign.

V. His conduct as chief of the two last great Crusades proclaimed in Europe for the defence of Palestine.

As for the great feudatories, after raising endless troubles in the kingdom during the whole of the minority of Louis, they made a final great effort to override the royal

power in a league headed by the Comte de la Marche and the Comte de Toulouse, and backed by our Henry III. and thirty hogs-heads *d'esterlings*. But the league was utterly broken up at the great combat of Taillebourg and the battle of Saintes, conducted by the King in person, then twenty-seven years of age. The young Sovereign displayed great personal valour, and made good on that occasion the words which he spoke at fourteen, when advised to retire from an impending conflict, "*Jamais ne combatterai-ou ses hommes, que son corps ne fût avec.*"

The difficulties between England and France were relative to the confiscation of the French possessions of John by Philip Augustus. Henry III., after waging a long desultory warfare, and assisting the rebellious outbreak of the great French barons, accepted terms of peace offered by Louis, and renounced all claim to Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, and Poitiers, and to the homage of other provinces, but was confirmed in possession of Limousin, Quercy, and Périgord, on condition of doing homage to the French King, which he rendered at Paris in the orchard before the royal palace near the Pont Neuf, on the 6th of December 1259, bareheaded, without cloak, sword, or spear, and on his knees, with his hands between those of his *suzerain*.

In the great quarrel between the inflexible Innocent IV. and the elegant sceptic Frederic II., who wrote Provençal poetry, kept Mohammedan *Bayadères*, and wondered that God should have preferred the barren rocks of Judea to the neighbourhood of Naples, the mild, conciliatory, and Christian spirit of Louis was unable to effect any arrangement. He endeavoured in vain to mitigate the unforgiving obduracy of Innocent IV. towards the enemy whom he had twice excommunicated, and even deposed, in the Council of Lyons, so far as an ecclesiastical deposition could go. But Louis was the true representative of the Christian on earth, in contrast to the obdurate and angry priest, when, in his interview with him at Cluny, he suggested that Scripture bids us forgive not only once, but seventy times seven, and Innocent threw back his head in scorn. The Pope had been anxious to engage Louis on his side, and even to obtain the King's permission to hold in France the council subsequently held at Lyons, then a free city. He got up a great scene at Cîteaux, at the famous monastery, where five hundred monks fell at once on their knees before Louis to implore his hospitality for the Pope. But Louis, religious as he was, always was able to withstand

priestly influence, and escaped the trap by saying he was willing *si tel était l'avis de ses barons*; and the barons were by no means willing to have the Pope and his devouring host on their territories.

The improvements introduced by Saint Louis into the internal administration, law-courts, and judicial procedure, were of immense importance, founded on principles in maturity or in germ which necessarily resulted in an entire change of feudal society, with immediate abolition of its worst abuses. He extinguished the right of private war as far as his authority extended, he suppressed the most barbarous custom of feudalism — the judicial duel, and he improved the administration of justice to such an extent, that the people said commonly, so fine a state of things had not been known since Charlemagne. But the most important of all the measures which he introduced was the formation and management of a trained body of lay lawyers, versed in the study of that body of "written reason," the Roman law, in spite of the vehement opposition of both ecclesiastic and feudal dignitaries, who foresaw the total destruction of their own jurisdiction in the ominous introduction into public life of a body of non-noble functionaries, looking to the Crown for advancement, as subtle as the clerical canonists themselves in dispute, and endowed with a learning and a facility in the arts of reasoning and distinguishing which drove the ignorant barons in disgust from their own Courts, to leave them under the control of men whom they despised. The decrees and ordinances of Saint Louis were collected later in that famous body of mediæval law known as the *Établissements* of Saint Louis, and which occupies so important a chapter in the history of French jurisprudence.

But Saint Louis was not content with mere law reforms which judges might administer, he himself formed a last court of appeal for his subjects; he was always on horseback, travelling from one part of his dominions to another, and wherever he went all had free admission to his person, and one of the most gracious pictures in all history is that of Saint Louis, sitting day by day after mass, in patriarchal fashion, with his back against an oak, at Vincennes, and his council around him, giving orders that all, rich and poor, who had any grievance to complain of, should come and state their case in person before him, and redressing the errors of justice as well as the wrongs of those prevented from appealing to it.

But even his love of justice was exceeded by his charity, which was inexhaustible, and

it is difficult to understand how he was able to exercise it in such boundless fashion and yet have his treasury always full. Whenever he went he visited the poor as friends; he entered leper-houses and hospitals, made inquiries after impoverished gentlemen, pensioned poor widows, gave dowries to poor girls, and fed hundreds daily from his table.

He shrunk from no form of contagion and no object of disgust; he fed the leper and the blind with his own hand, washed the feet of the mendicant, and embraced the sick, the diseased, and the homeless, on the hand and the cheek, in reverence for the sanctity of affliction. One of the most exemplary instances of the incredible delicacy and fortitude with which he practised this virtue, was under the walls of Sidon, where he assisted with his own hands to bury the bodies of the workmen who had been slain by an invasion of Saracens while engaged in repairing the fortifications. The bodies were in the last stage of decay when he arrived at the town, and he alone walked among the putrefying corpses, and lifted them in his hands with a serene countenance, and without a sign of disgust or inconvenience. In fact, he saw in the poor and afflicted of every form the image of Christ, and the words "What ye shall do unto the least of them" never were put in practice with such devotion and self-sacrifice. Many of the maxims by which he regulated his life have been recorded from his lips by Joinville, and give an admirable notion of the delicacy of his conscience: "Voulez-vous," said he, "être honoré dans ce siècle et avoir paradis pour mort? Gardez-vous de faire ou de dire rien que, si tout le monde le savait, vous ne puissiez avouer: J'ai fait cela; j'ai dit cela."

The ascetic side of his character is the one which we have now the most difficulty in sympathizing with. It appears he was at one time willing to withdraw into a monastery, if he could obtain the consent of his wife; but she extracted from him a promise never to speak of such a project any more. He got up at midnight to say matins in his chapel, and yet rose before daybreak in winter to join the chants to the Virgin; after the service was done he often remained in the cold chapel, prostrate, with his head on the pavement, absorbed in long prayers. Every morning he heard two masses, — one for the dead and one for the day, — besides other religious exercises in the course of the day and in the evening.

His fasts were frequent and severe, he wore haircloth, and he went often barefoot, but generally with shoes with the soles removed, not to attract attention, and he al-

ways carried about with him a small scourge, with five knotted cords, in an ivory box, which it was the duty of his confessor to administer to him; and he made presents of similar boxes to his children and his friends. His bed was made of a few planks, with a thin mattress of cotton, with a piece of common stuff for covering; and after his return from Palestine he never wore any gold ornament, nor anything gilt, not even his spurs, and his dress from that time was so plain that he thought it his duty to indemnify the poor of his household, who considered his worn-out raiment as their perquisites.

He used every known device to stimulate his piety, and it seemed the grace of God was removed from him if he was unable to shed tears at the contemplation of Christ crucified, and cried, "O sire Dieu! je ne requiers fontaine de larmes pas, mais me suffiraient petites gouttes de larmes pour arroser la sécheresse de mon cœur."

It was not possible for a king endowed with this intensity of faith not to join in all the enthusiasm of the time for the Crusades, and to feel more deeply than any for the calamities which then fell upon the Christian colonies in the East. He had long contemplated a Crusading expedition, when a severe illness came upon him, and his deliberations on the subject took the form of a public vow.

His health, which was always weak, had never completely recovered from the fatigues of the campaign of 1242, and, during one of his last journeys about his kingdom, two years later, he fell dangerously ill of dysentery at Pontoise. As soon as it was known his life was in danger, the public consternation was universal. The people were struck with terror at the thought of losing their young Sovereign, whose reign promised to be a new epoch of peace and justice upon earth, and bishops, abbots, and barons, and all who had access to the Court, rushed to Pontoise. In all churches the reliquaries were uncovered and the bones of saints exposed to public adoration, and the altars were crowded with suppliants. The malady of Louis grew more virulent, and he was prepared to die. He called his chief officers of state and his barons about him, thanked them for their good services, and besought them to serve God with the same zeal as they had served himself. He then fell into a lethargy and was thought to be dead, and the Queen-mother and the Queen were entreated to leave the apartment. Two ladies were left with him; the one was for preparing him for burial, but the other contested the fact that he was

dead. While they were in dispute he sighed, stretched himself, and uttered, in a ghostly voice, "*Visitavit me per gratiam Dei. Oriens ex alto et in mortuis servavit me.*" He sent immediately for the Bishop of Paris, Guillaume d'Auvergne, who came to his bedside, accompanied by the Bishop of Meaux, and demanded to receive the cross, and took the vow of a Crusader. "Quand la bonne dame, sa mère," says Joinville, "sut qu'il avait recouvert la parole, elle eut une telle joie que plus grande n'était possible; mais quand elle la vit avec la croix sur la poitrine elle fut ainsi transie, que si elle l'avait vu mort." Every effort was made to dissuade Louis from his intention, even Guillaume d'Auvergne, one of the most learned of the University doctors, learned by the side of Thomas Aquinas, he who had given the King the cross, endeavoured to persuade him that his duty to his crown released him from a vow taken in the extremity of sickness, when his mind was not in a sound state. "You say," said he, "that the weak state of my mind was the reason of my cross. Well, then, in that case I do as you wish, and give it back willingly into your hands." The joy of all those present was immense, until the King gravely said, "My friends, of a verity I am now neither deprived of my sense or my reason. I am no longer sick. I am perfectly self-possessed. And I demand now to have my cross back again; for He above, who knows all things, is witness that nothing which can be eaten shall pass my lips until I have the cross again on my shoulder." The bystanders cried, "It is the finger of God!" and no one afterwards ventured to dissuade him from his design.

The *Recountance des Saints Lieux, La Guerre du Seigneur, Le Saint Voyage d'Outre Mer*, had, indeed, long occupied the secret thoughts of the young King. Writers of the last century, and others of those who follow in the track of thought of their predecessors, have condemned the Crusades of Saint Louis as forming the most blameworthy episodes of his career. A deeper philosophy, however, will take a different view, and the chief of the Positivist school, M. Littré, one of the most learned and accomplished writers in Europe, passes another judgment on the Crusading side of Louis's character and on the political merits of the Crusades themselves.

Leaving aside what in the present time may be called the sentimental view of the question, as to whether it is honourable for Christianity to permit a country, hallowed above all others by sacred associations, to remain permanently in the occupation of

the champions of a hostile creed, it may be argued that the Crusades preserved Europe from the fate of Greece and of Spain; that they checked the flood of Mussulman invasion to the East, and prevented it from overrunning Europe. At the time of the first Crusade, the whole of Asia was in a terrible state of commotion and disorder. The Mohammedan power was shared between two races—that of Mongolian origin, and that of the Arabs. The fury of conquest inspired by the religion of Mohammed had abated in the latter after their great defeat on the banks of the Loire by Charles Martel, and they had settled down in the countries they had overrun, and reached a high degree of civilisation and refinement. But these were, in their turn, assaulted by the later converts to Mohammedanism—the barbarous Seljukian Turks and Tartars, who came pressing up from the depths of Asia in interminable hordes of ravagers, carrying destruction and massacre wherever they went. The Grecian Empire was overrun in Asia Minor, and Asia Minor was lost. The Greeks themselves felt imperilled in Constantinople, and cried piteously to all Europe for assistance; and unless what might have well seemed an impossible coalition of force could be brought to stem the tide of barbarian ravage, the Greek Empire would have fallen four centuries at least before it did, and the road to Europe would have been laid open. Europe was on the eve of an immense invasion, far worse than that of the Arabs, and what hope could reason discover of uniting the nations of Europe to oppose an effectual resistance? Europe was at that time a sort of Christian anarchical republic, plunged in the deepest ignorance, divided into an infinity of interests, and perpetually distracted with the thousand wars which its thousand feudal chiefs were carrying on against each other. The greatest political genius of all time might have appealed in vain to the incongruous multitude of feudal despots and vassals and serfs, to unite together for political purposes. But that which a Charlemagne or a Cæsar would have been unable to perform, was done by Peter the Hermit. He appealed to the one principle which was capable of uniting them, the Faith common to all,—and Europe and Christian civilisation were saved.

That these expeditions were for the most part miserably conducted, that there was a stupendous loss of life for two centuries and a half, that the great part of those engaged there were mere blind instruments in the hands of Providence, proves nothing.

The object aimed at was not impossible, for it was achieved—the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre; and if the prize of the valour of the first Crusaders was subsequently lost, it was more owing to the follies, intestine divisions, and decay of faith of its Christian defenders, than to the strength of the Mohammedans, and their superior skill in warfare.

The religious fervour of Saint Louis must not be measured by the tepid devotional regularity of our own time; with him *La gloire de Notre Seigneur* predominated above all earthly considerations, and to that he was prepared to sacrifice at any moment his repose, his life, and his crown; and it was by a singular dispensation of Providence that at the time when mediæval faith was waning throughout Europe, he should appear before history as its last and most perfect representative.

At the time when the French King took the cross, his religious sympathies and his imagination had long been excited to tragic intensity by the deplorable news brought to Europe of the condition of the Christians in the East. The Latin empire of Constantinople was verging to its fall; and its last Latin Emperor had been parading his sorrows through all the courts of Europe. And the terrible invasion of the Tartars under Djinghiz-Khan and his successors seemed to menace not only the destruction of Germany, but even that of Paris and London.

This mediæval Attila burst forth from the steppes of Central Asia with his Mongol hosts. He overran China, he devastated all the great cities of Central Asia so horribly that each was a mere necropolis, in which corpses lay by hundreds of thousands. In the words of Gibbon, they “ruined the whole tract from the Caspian to the Indus, adorned with the habitations and labours of mankind, in such a way that six centuries have not been sufficient to repair the ravages of four years.” This flood of destruction came rolling onwards. Moscow and Kiev were laid in ashes. The sons of Djinghiz carried on the work of their father. The right wing of this enormous host were bringing massacre and ruin on the Slave nations and all Eastern Europe, while their left wing was menacing Bagdad and Syria. Poland and Hungary were invaded in 1258; and the entry of the savage host into Bohemia and Moravia seemed to lay open the heart of Europe. This monstrous crowd of ravagers advanced with a savage hilarity to the conquest of the world, giving out with barbarian gaiety divers reasons for their march. Now they said they were going to Cologne, to take back the bodies of

the Three Kings to Asia; now they were going to finish their military education in France, or to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. The princes of Germany, with the Elector of Saxony, with the Emperor Frederic II. at their head, cried clamorously for help.

In all Europe the fear of the Tartars weighed heavily on all hearts; the weaver in France ceased to ply his loom in the face of impending destruction. Matthew Paris tells us that in England the price of her-rings fell, because the sailors of Norway and Holland were afraid to leave their homes unprotected, and there was consequently less demand for the usual supply. In most of the countries of Europe there was a prayer added to the litany, “*A furore Tartarorum libera nos, O Domine*,” and of the state of things in France, an idea may be formed by an anecdote, related also by Matthew Paris. “*What shall we do?*” said the Queen-mother in anguish to her son; “the march of the Tartars announces our ruin and that of the Church.” “My mother,” replied Louis, “if they come here, either we will send them back to Tartarus, or they will send us to heaven.” This was called a “*belle et louable parole*” in those simple days, and comforted men’s hearts on all sides. A victory of the Germans, however, on the banks of the Danube, and internal dissensions among their chiefs in Asia, arrested the march of the Tartars in Europe; nevertheless, the fury which was then arrested westwards was let loose upon Palestine, and the remaining establishments of the Franks in Syria.

Jerusalem, as is well known, was virtually lost to the Christians by the conquest of Saladin in 1187. Nevertheless, Frederic II. during his Crusade, by astute diplomacy, and by taking advantage of the dissensions and jealousies of the Mussulman potentates in the East, had recovered possession of the Holy City in 1229. But the situation of the Christians in the East in the midst of the interminable warfare with which the Sultans of Cairo, Damascus, Aleppo, Emessa, and other towns, disputed for the fragments of the empire of Saladin, was still most precarious, and the invasion of the Tartars made matters still worse. A Crusade had been organized ten years after that of Frederic II. for the support of the Christian dominion in Syria under Thibaut, the celebrated Troubadour king of Navarre, and Count of Champagne, in co-operation with Richard Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III. and nephew of Richard Cœur de Lion. The military results of the expedition were not very successful, and the treaty which was

then concluded was fatal to the Christian establishments in Palestine. The Franks still held possession of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and the route to Jaffa, of Cæsarea, Acre, Tyre, and other places on the coast, and their alliance was sought for equally by the Sultan of Egypt and by the league of the Princes of Aleppo, Damascus, Emessa, and Hamath, with which the former was at war. The Grand-Masters of the military orders of the Temple and the Knights of St. John, and the barons of Palestine, concluded an alliance with the Princes of Syria, as best suited to their interests, in 1244. The Sultan of Egypt, alarmed at this formidable coalition, called to his aid the Kharismian Turks, a nation who had been driven from Persia by the hordes of Djinghiz-Khan, and were now in a nomad state on the borders of Syria, waiting, like hungry beasts driven from their usual haunts by a deluge, for something to devour. The Sultan of Egypt proposed to this horde of barbarians to unite together in a common effort to crush the Mussulman and Christian sovereigns of Syria.

The Kharismians seized at the offer with avidity; they set themselves at once in motion to effect a junction with the Sultan of Egypt, who advanced from Gaza. They invaded the kingdom of Jerusalem by the side of Tiberias — burning, destroying, and massacring everything in their route, after the usual fashion. The majority of the Christian population of Jerusalem resolved to fly before the coming storm, and wait for better times; but on their march to Jaffa they were decoyed back by a stratagem, overtaken in a second flight, and seven thousand Christians were slain in the mountain passes between Jerusalem and Jaffa. Jerusalem itself was ravaged with fire and sword. The Kharismians burst into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and murdered the Christians before the altars, and in the Holy Sepulchre itself, ripping up and disembowelling men, women, and children. They destroyed the tombs as well as the altars, and the bones and bodies of Godfrey de Bouillon, with his companions and successors, were torn from their graves, and, together with all the relics of the saints, either burnt or cast out on the heaps of refuse at the gates of the city. Such was the manner of the final loss of Jerusalem to Christianity. And not long after, the Christians suffered another terrible disaster in the loss of the great battle of Gaza, which was fought in company with Malek Mansour, the Sultan of Damascus, against the Sultan of Egypt, and in which an entire army was annihilated. The Sultan of Egypt

having got all the use he could out of his Kharismian allies, quarrelled with them about the division of the spoil, allowed them, in their turn, to be annihilated by Malek Mansour, who collected a fresh army and gave battle under the walls of Emessa; and the Kharismians now disappear in history.

Such was the state of Syria when Louis IX. undertook his Crusade. His earnest and pious soul had long felt the most genuine desolation at the miserable condition of the kingdom of Jerusalem, founded and maintained at the cost of such an extravagant expenditure of Christian blood, the object of all the most ardent devotion of the time, and he foresaw that its absolute extinction could only be averted by another great sacrifice on the part of Christendom.

But he has been censured not only for undertaking the Crusade at all, but for having directed it towards Egypt. Such, however, was not the opinion of Leibnitz, who addressed a most remarkable memoir to Louis XIV. on the advantage which would ensue to France and to Europe from the conquest of Egypt, and proposed anew a sort of Egyptian Crusade in the seventeenth century; nor of Napoleon, who acted on the conviction that the occupation of Egypt was the most effectual way to the establishment of a permanent Eastern dominion.

The Sultan of Egypt at that time was Malek-Saleh-Negour-Eddin, an Ayoubite prince, grandson of the celebrated Malek Adhel, the brother of Saladin, and son of the Sultan Malek Kamel, who defeated Jean de Brienne at Mansourah; and he was the most powerful Oriental potentate of his time. It was the Egyptian power which had conquered Jerusalem from the Franks; and to strike at the heart of that was the surest way to effect the liberation of Palestine.

The preparations for the Crusade were made by the King with great care and foresight. Louis did all in his power to leave his kingdom in a state of well-ordered security, and he was the less solicitous about the prejudice which might be caused by his absence, on account of his confidence in the vigour of character and political capacity of the Queen-mother. His chief anxiety was the pacification of Christendom, and he did his utmost, but in vain, to reconcile the Pope with Frederic II., for open war was now being carried on between the two, and the Pope had even excommunicated and deposed the German Emperor, and preached a crusade against him contemporaneously with that forming under Saint Louis.

The French King appointed Cyprus for

the general rendezvous of the armament. He hired a Genoese fleet to convey him to Limisso, a southern port in the island, and he gave directions for collecting in its neighbourhood enormous stores of provision, of wine and corn and barley, purchased in all the most fertile countries of Europe, which were so faithfully executed by Thibaud, Count of Bar, and Hubert de Beaujeu, Connétable de France, that when the Crusaders arrived off the coasts of Cyprus they found mountains of grain piled up on the seashore; and his foresight even went so far that he had prepared not only the necessary materials for the construction of siege-towers, catapults, and military engines of all kinds, but every sort of agricultural implement for the permanent occupation of Egypt.

All the most illustrious nobles of France naturally took the cross likewise; he was accompanied by his wife Marguerite, and his brothers Robert Comte d'Artois, Alphonse Comte de Poitiers, Charles Comte d'Anjou and Provence, whose wives also shared the perils of the expedition "*d'outre-mer*" with their husbands. His parting with his mother, who had protected his childhood, and with whom he had lived on terms of unalloyed affection, heightened by veneration for her piety, and by the admiration and gratitude which he owed her for the prudent administration of his affairs during his minority and afterwards, was necessarily an immense trial on both sides. Blanche felt a presentiment that she should see her son no more; she fainted twice at the final interview. "*Beau très doux fils,*" she said to him, "*beau tendre fils, jamais je ne vous verrai plus! Le cœur me le dit bien.*"

After passing the winter at Cyprus the French armament put to sea from Limisso, and arrived in sight of Damietta, which was announced by the pilot of the first vessel crying, "*Que Dieu nous aide, que Dieu nous aide, nous voici devant Damiette!*" and the King gave orders to make preparations for landing.

The Egyptian troops were drawn up on the shore expecting them, under the command of Fakreddin. He was an able general of the Sultan, who himself was very ill, and on the point of death.

"When the good King Louis," says Joinville, "saw that the *enseigne Saint Denis* (the Oriflamme) was on shore, he no longer waited for his boat to approach nearer the land, but he threw himself into the sea, and the water reached up to his shoulders; then he went straight towards the '*païens*,' with his shield on his neck, helmet on head, and lance in hand." As soon as the French

Knights leapt on shore they knelt and formed in a line, with the points of their triangular shields fixed in the sand, with the butt-ends of their lances on the ground, and the points turned towards the enemy. The Arab and Turk cavalry, the Mamelukes, tried to break their line, with several charges, but failed, then became disheartened and retreated.

The French army gained at the outset an unhoped easy advantage in the capture of Damietta, which had thirty years ago withstood for fifteen months such a terrible siege by the Crusaders under Jean de Brienne. The town was evacuated by the cowardice of its defenders, and the campaign opened under the most brilliant auspices. The Moslem troops were cowed and disorganized, and had Saint Louis been a great general, and known the value of time, he might have been in Cairo in three weeks; but this first success was the only one of the campaign; the chiefs of the army were afraid of advancing through the low flat regions at the mouth of the Nile, where the army of Jean de Brienne had been surprised by an inundation; the river itself they regarded with superstitious dread, believing it flowed from Paradise; and the King and his barons remained waiting for reinforcements at Damietta, watching with apprehension every rise in the level of the stream, and consuming their provisions. They did not begin to move from Damietta till after the arrival of his brother Alphonse de Poitiers with the *arrière garde* of the Crusade. Queen Marguerite and the rest of the ladies were left at Damietta, while Louis with his army marched to Mansourah.

The French host were fatally slow in advancing, and took thirty-one days to reach Mansourah, at a distance of about sixty miles from Damietta. To relieve Louis, however, somewhat from the responsibility of the bad conduct of the expedition, it must be remembered that a feudal host was one of the most unmanageable kind of armies ever invented; there was no subordination, no regular organization, no general system of discipline on the unwieldy mass; the feudal chieftains held themselves, if they pleased, entirely independent of general orders, and even their *chevaliers* might, if displeased, threaten to abandon them at any moment.

At Mansourah it was necessary to cross a branch of the Nile called the Thanis, and there the calamities of the Crusaders commenced. They had provided no means of making a bridge, and they began, under the superintendence of the King, to construct a causeway for the purpose of passage. The Saracens on the other side of the river were

drawn up, and used every device of missile-weapon and Greek fire to impede the construction of the *chaussée*. Moreover, they worked on their side so as to cut away the bank in precisely the same measure as the causeway advanced on the opposite side, and make the distance of water to cross over remain undiminished. The Franks consumed a month and a half over these operations,—the two armies face to face on the opposite banks. At last a Bedouin offered, for a reward of five hundred *bezants d'or* to guide the Franks to a ford. His offer was accepted; the King verified the fact that a ford, distant four miles from his camp, and lower down, was passable. Assisted by a council of war, Louis made the wisest possible regulations for passing the host safely over at daybreak on the 8th of February. His brother, the Comte d'Artois, solicited the honour of being allowed to cross the first. This was the favourite brother of the King, who, however, was well aware of his reckless and impetuous spirit, so he demanded a formal oath from the young man that he would observe all his instructions and not advance without orders. This the Count took, swearing by the Holy Gospels that he would obey the King's word in everything, and, as a last precaution, Louis ordered that a body of the Knights-Templars should, on the other side, precede his brother's own troop.

The Comte d'Artois had no sooner received permission than he dashed into the ford, followed by his knights and men-at-arms, the Knights-Templars and Hospitalers, William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and his English followers, and all the *avant garde*. The ford was found to be more difficult than they expected; they had to swim their horses, and the obscurity of the hour before daybreak increased their danger. The Saracen general, Fakreddin, was aware of the existence of the ford, and placed there a guard of three hundred horsemen. Nevertheless, the Comte d'Artois and the vanguard passed over with small loss, and the Saracen cavalry, taken by surprise on the opposite bank, fled without resistance. Flushed with the excitement of his successful manœuvre, and wild, we may suppose, with sudden excitement after being cooped up so long in camp in inaction, the hot-blooded young Count, instead of observing the oath he had sworn, wheeled sharp round to the left, mounted the right bank of the river, and led the vanguard on his own sudden impulse and authority in full charge against the Saracen camp, opposite to which they had so long remained in check the other side of the river. The attack

in early dawn took the Saracens entirely by surprise, and the Franks were complete masters of the camp, and cut to pieces the Saracens, with their general, who was aroused in astonishment from his slumbers. So far, the disobedience of the young Prince had a happy result, and had he stopped there, and awaited the King, or assisted from his position, now in front of the Christian camp, the remainder of the army to pass over, the campaign might have had another issue. But maddened with his morning's work, Robert was raging for something fresh to do; the demon spirit of war was working in his hot blood, and it was impossible to hold him; he insisted on pushing straight on for Mansourah. In vain did the Grand-Master of the Temple, Guillaume de Sonnac, try to check his wild courage, saying that he had already departed from the King's orders, though, to soothe him, he said he had done one of the finest deeds of chivalry that ever was performed — “*dans la terre d'outre mer*,” he warned him that if he advanced further, the enemy, the main body of whom were at Mansourah, would recognize the smallness of his troop. Robert replied, his language — “*sentait le poil de loup*” — alluding thereby to the scandalous rumours that the Knights-Templars had too often underhand dealings with the wolves, the Saracens. In vain did William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, put in a word of remonstrance. Robert replied to him in insulting terms, in which he made use of a favourite mediæval scoff against the English, that they were “men with tails” — “*hommes à queue*.” “Count Robert,” replied William Longsword, “I can face death without fear, and we will both be presently where ye shall not dare to come near the tail of my horse.” In vain, moreover, did the knight despatched by the King for that purpose enjoin Robert to wait where he was. He replied he had already put the Saracens to flight and he would wait for nobody; and setting spurs to his horse, he galloped straight towards Mansourah, followed by the vanguard, all of whom were taunted into following the young madcap to the death. The troop, barely fifteen in number, galloped into Mansourah. The Saracens were so terrified that they thought the whole Christian army was with them, and they fled on all sides from their path, and Count Robert rode with his troop right through the town to the far side, to the banks of the Nile. But their number had been counted by Bibars Bondocdar, the chief of the Baharite Mamelukes, a commander of great skill and courage, who

became ultimately Sultan of the Mameluke soldiers in Egypt. He rallied together a body of his soldiers, and cut off the retreat of Robert and his followers. The whole French vanguard was shut up in the town, exposed to a population who took heart on becoming aware of the small number of the assailants. The Crusaders were assailed on all sides with projectiles hurled from the housetops, with missiles of every kind. Crowds of fresh soldiers pressed upon them in the narrow streets, where they found it impossible to manœuvre their tired horses, and after a bootless struggle the whole vanguard was massacred nearly to a man. A crowd of the best nobles of France were cut to pieces. Two hundred and eighty Knights-Templars perished. William Longsword, with three hundred English knights, fell there likewise; the standard-bearer wrapping himself in the English banner as he fell by the side of the young French Prince, whose surcoat of blue velvet, strewn with golden *fleurs-de-lis* made the Saracens think they had killed the King himself.

This senseless temerity of the Comte d'Artois ruined all the plans of the King. He had crossed the ford with his cavalry alone, with the Duke of Burgundy and the infantry still on the other side, occupying the Frank camp, when, advancing to the support of the vanguard, of whose danger he had been informed, he found himself attacked by the whole Saracen army, and a battle of a most tumultuous character ensued. After a day's incessant fighting, after the King himself displayed prodigies of valour, and after the Duke of Burgundy had succeeded, by using up all the materials and engines in the camp, in completing the causeway, and passing some of the infantry over, the Saracens were put to flight, the Franks remained masters of the field, and the King slept in the Saracen camp; but it was one of those victories which are as bad as a defeat. All agreed, however, that the coolness and intrepidity of the King saved the army; and the instinct and rapidity of view of a commander never deserted him during the whole day. As soon as he found a general action was inevitable, he mounted on a slight eminence to take the survey of the field, and see what resources the ground offered. His intrepid mien and coolness struck all with admiration. "Jamais," writes Joinville of that day, "je ne vis si bel homme armé, il paraissait au dessus de ses gens depuis les épaules jusqu'en haut, un heaume doré sur sa tête, une épée d'Allemagne en sa main." After the battle, the prior of the Hospitalers, wishing to know if the King was aware of the death of his brother,

came and kissed his hand, still gauntleted, and asked him if he had news of the Comte d'Artois. The King replied "he had news; his brother was in Paradise." The prior then, to turn the King's thoughts in another direction, spoke of the battle he had won — "Et le roi répondait que Dieu fut adoré de ce qu'il lui donnait, et lui tombaient les larmes des yeux fort grosses." 8th February 1250 — Louis now established himself *à cheval* on the canal of the Thanis, some of his infantry still remaining on the French camp on one side, under the Duke of Burgundy, while he himself occupied what had lately been the Saracen camp on the other, with the rest of the infantry and his cavalry. He caused his chief officer of engineers, Josselin de Cornaut, to complete the bridge, and fortify it with a barbican, and to surround the camp with palisades made of the materials of the Saracen engines found in the camp. But the French army was virtually in a state of siege, subject to incessant attacks of the Saracen army, to whom the arrival of their young Sultan, Malek Moadam, from Mesopotamia, to take possession of the sovereignty (since Negour Eddin was now dead), gave a fresh audacity and spirit. Tremendous conflicts took place almost daily on all sides of the camp; but the chivalry of France were not accustomed to remain on the defensive, and were ill calculated to sustain patiently that kind of warfare; and, moreover, they had lost the greater number of their horses in the terrible *melée* of Mansourah, and were obliged to fight on foot, contrary to their habits and education. The disaster of the Comte d'Artois affected all with gloomy presentiments of worse dangers to come; and their besieged position became before long intolerable. They were pent up in camp beneath the burning sun of Egypt, by the side of a canal whose water became in a short time a dead mass of putrefaction from the quantity of dead bodies, the slain of Mansourah, which the Saracens threw into it, and which accumulated in floating putrescence against the causeway and the bridge, until they stretched right across the river for the length of a stone's-throw. Louis set a hundred of his camp-followers to free the river of this horrible mass of corruption — to bury the Christian bodies, and set the Saracen corpses floating down the stream; but before the wish could be accomplished, scurvy and pestilence and frightful disease raged through the host. To make the sanitary condition of the army still more deplorable, Lent came on. The whole army observed the rules of fasting as strictly as if they were not in campaign,

and took to eating freely of the fish of the Nile, which they called *barbotes*, which were attracted to the foul water in inexhaustible quantities, and voraciously fed on the putrid flesh of the floating corpses. The privation from proper nourishment, their foul diet, the pestilential air heated by a burning sun, added dysentery and fever to the former maladies; and the whole camp became a hospital of sick and dying men. Those who remained unaffected by disease were not sufficient in number to inter the dead and attend to the sick. Hardly a tent but showed signs that a corpse was within, and preparations for burial. From twenty to thirty funeral processions were to be seen at once leading the corpses to the camp-chapels, or taking them to the place reserved for burial; and soon the lack of knights and men-at-arms was so great, that scullions, varlets, and camp-followers had to take the weapons of their masters, and supply their place in the field and on guard. The King bore up so well against this accumulation of evils, though attacked with dysentery himself,—his cheerfulness and suavity were so great,—that sick men about to expire asked, as a last hope and resource, to be able to see the countenance of the King. The Saracens were perfectly aware of the state of things inside the French camp, and desisted from their attacks, trusting to plague and pestilence to accomplish the destruction of their enemies; while they contrived to enlist another minister of destruction in their service—Famine; for they managed now to transfer a fleet of ships, by means of levers, from one branch of the Nile to that in which the Frank fleet, up to the present time, had accompanied the Frank army, and kept open communication with Damietta. They attacked the Christian fleet as it was carrying large supplies of provisions to the camp, and captured eighty galleys; and after this the Franks were almost completely invested by land and water. By the 27th of March, six weeks after the battle of Mansourah, famine in all its horror was felt in the army. The most unclean things were used as food; and those who could afford it had to pay for food nearly its weight in gold. Joinville says that an ox would sell for 80 livres, which in present value of English money would amount to about £280. Beneath this intolerable series of calamities, the Frank army dwindled away to six thousand men, the sole relics of the thirty thousand who had left Damietta.

At length it seemed that the only chance of saving the remnant was by retreat. Malek Moadam, convinced that he had his ene-

mies wholly in his power, refused all offers of treaty, and Louis evacuated his camp on the 5th of April, at night,—leaving his tents still standing to deceive the enemy; but the Saracens got wind of his intentions, and by a miserable fatality, Josselin de Cornaut, his brothers, and others, who were the engineers of the army, omitted to carry out the King's instructions, and destroy the bridge of boats uniting the two banks of the canal, so that road was left open to their enemies. The rearguard of the retreating Turks were harassed during the first night of their retreat by frequent assaults. The King himself was one of the last to leave; he might have escaped by the river, if he had so chosen, and he was besought to do so; but he determined to partake of the fate of his army, and although in a state of pitiable debility, he continued to command the retreat up to the time of his being made prisoner. When day appeared there was a general attack of the Saracens in pursuit, on the rearguard, and the King was several times in danger, and was only preserved by the great bravery of two of his chevaliers, Geoffrey de Sargines and Gaucher de Châtillon. "*Sargines*," said the King afterwards to Joinville, "*me défendait des Sarasins tout ainsi que le bon serviteur défend des mouches le hanap (cup) de son seigneur.*" This little troop of the rearguard, with the King in their midst, fighting at every step, reached at last Minie-Abou-Abdallah, an Arab village seated on a small eminence. The King could no longer sit on horseback, and it was determined to make a short stand here, to give him time to recover. The King was carried, in a miserable state, into a house in the main street, while the wife of a citizen of Paris took his head upon her knees. Gaucher de Châtillon undertook the charge of defending one end of the street alone, against the pursuing Saracens, for his own knights were fighting elsewhere. The Saracens shot arrows at him so thickly after each furious charge, that, as Joinville says, he had to pick out the arrows from time to time, "*il se défêchait*," after which he would raise himself up in his stirrups, extending his arms and sword, shouting for his men, "*à Châtillon, Chevaliers! ou sont mes prudhommes.*" He was killed at last, but the Saracens preserved his sword as that of the bravest of the Christian chevaliers.

Such acts of desperate valour failed, however, to prevent the King from being obliged to surrender at discretion at the village of Minie-Abou-Abdallah. The eunuch Gemal-eddin took possession of his person,—his brothers, the Counts of An-

jou and Poitiers, and the whole of the rest of the Crusaders, including the sick and the wounded, who had been embarked in boats on the river, were also taken prisoners, and the whole of them were conveyed back to Mansourah, where the King was lodged in the house of a scribe, Fakr-Eddin-Ben-Lokman, loaded with chains, and placed under the surveillance of the eunuch Sahib. The saintly courage and patience of the French King passed during his captivity through terrible trials, but it arose superior to them all. He was still so weak that the only servitor, Isambert, whom he had with him, was obliged to serve him like a child; yet his Moslem conquerors loaded him at first with chains. Isambert afterwards deposed, however, that no indignities extorted from him the slightest symptoms of vexation or impatience, and the Sultan, on reflection, concluding that he had everything to gain in the way of ransom, and nothing to lose by the preservation of his captive, changed his system, released him of his chains, gave him clothes, and allowed him the company of his confessor.

The captivity of Louis lasted a month, but it was a month every hour of which was full of pathetic and tragic incident. The Sultan, Malek Moadam, was naturally anxious to make the most out of the glorious spoil which the fortune of war had given into his power, and proceeded at first to treat his illustrious captive with all the arrogance of an Eastern despot. But he was little aware of the strength of soul which animated the weak body of his illustrious captive. His first demand was for all the expenses to which the Crusade had put him; the surrender of Damietta and of all the Christian fortresses in Palestine, in return for the ransom of the French King and his army. These were peremptorily rejected. The Sultan was furious at an opposition which seemed unintelligible; he commenced, however, with fresh negotiations, for his own circumstances made him eager to get the Franks out of the country. Meeting again with opposition, he threatened to lay Louis in the *barnacles*, a horrible kind of torture, something like the boot applied to the whole body. Louis replied to the Sultan's envoys who announced the menace, "Qu'il était leur prisonnier, qu'ils pourraient faire de lui à leur volonté." The emirs were confounded at his serenity, and replied, "You are our prisoner and our slave, and yet you behave exactly as if you had us in irons."

The Sultan at length offered terms which Louis accepted. They were these:—The

surrender of Damietta was to be made, and a million of golden bezants to be given for the ransom of Louis and the remainder of his army, and for the ransom also of all the Christian slaves then in Egypt, amounting to about thirty thousand. Without this latter concession the French King would enter into no arrangement. It would be some consolation to his reverses to know he had not left a Christian in bondage in Egypt.

When the Sultan made the offer of these terms Louis said, "Je payerai volontiers les cinq cent mille livres pour la délivrance de mes gens, et je donnerai Damiette pour la délivrance de mon corps: car je ne suis pas tel que je me doive racheter à prix d'argent." Malek Moadam was so struck with admiration at this reply that his Oriental pride would not allow him to remain without some response and generosity. He exclaimed, "Par ma foi, large est le Franc, quand il ne marchande pas sur une si grande somme de deniers: or, allez lui dire que je lui donne cent mille livres pour payer la rançon." The ransom thus paid in money was four hundred thousand livres, five hundred thousand livres being equal to one million of golden bezants, which is about two millions of English pounds sterling.

But Malek Moadam had been vehemently anxious on his side to complete some arrangement with Louis, and get the French out of the country, for special reasons of his own. He was meditating a *coup d'état*, and was eager to get possession of Damietta, and be free of all foreign trouble, to effect his purpose. He was however only hastening his own destruction. This young man, elated with his recent accession, of luxurious habits, fresh from Mesopotamia with a band of young Syrian favourites, chafed under the pressure which the Mamelukes and the ministers of his father put upon him, and he was madly impatient to suppress the turbulent soldiery, and dispose of dignitaries who beset the throne, and while the French difficulty was still to be dealt with this was impossible. The Mamelukes, on their side, with Bibars Bondocdar at their head, were perfectly aware of his intentions, and, kept informed of all his transactions with the French King, only waited for a favourable opportunity to assassinate him. Such an opportunity occurred while Malek Moadam was on his road to Damietta with his royal captive, to fulfil the terms of the treaty. Bibars Bondocdar and his ferocious associates murdered the Sultan and took possession of supreme power, and thus founded the Mameluke dynasty of Egypt, whose tombs on the margin of the desert near Cairo form such a graceful series of objects when viewed

from the Citadel. Thus the Crusade of Saint Louis was intimately connected with the extinction of the Saladin dynasty in Egypt, and the French King had full experience of the tragic vicissitudes of Oriental power, for not less than three Sultans and one Sultana, during his stay in Egypt, held supreme power in the capital.

The blood-stained assassins of the Sultan did not fail immediately to exercise their power on their captive, but he showed so sublime an aspect before their ferocious menaces that it was said they deliberated among themselves whether they should not offer him the sovereignty; at all events such a scheme was talked of. "Il me demanda," says Joinville, speaking of subsequent years, "si je croyais qu'il eût pris le royaume de Babylone (Cairo) s'ils le lui eussent présenté, et je lui dis qu'il aurait fait une grande folie, vu qu'ils avaient tué leur seigneur. Et il me dit que vraiment il n'eût pas refusé." This reply reveals the innermost soul of Saint Louis more than anything else on record, except his dying speech at Carthage. He would have led a life of exile, and sacrificed his crown and all the world holds dear; he would have trusted himself to the mercies of these ferocious assassins, in the hope of Christianizing Egypt.

According to Oriental notions, the death of the Sultan made void all previous negotiations; but after some difficulties the same stipulations for a treaty for peace were agreed to on both sides, and the emirs, who now held the government, still proceeded to Damietta with their captive.

Scenes however of great violence took place in the arrangement. It was stipulated that the parties to the treaty should take reciprocal oaths, and the emirs wanted the French King to swear, that if he violated his oath he would be "as shameful as the Christian who denied Christ and spat upon the cross." "Jamais," said Louis, "pareilles choses ne sortiront de ma bouche." The emirs suspected bad faith in this objection, and were furious. They threatened to make the head of the patriarch of Jerusalem, who was present, fly off upon his knees, to put the King to torture, with all his barons; but Louis never blenched, and they allowed him to take his oath as he pleased. "C'est le plus fier Chrétien," they said, "qu'on eut jamais vu en Orient."

But the trials and suspense of captivity reached a climax at the very last moment. How was it possible to guard against the bad faith of these Mameluke assassins? They might get Damietta, get the ransoms, and yet retain all the prisoners. To prevent this, the King stipulated, *firstly*, that

immediately after the surrender of Damietta all the prisoners should be set at liberty, with the exception of his brother the Comte de Poitiers; *secondly*, that 200,000 livres of the ransom should then be paid, and the Comte de Poitiers set at liberty; *thirdly*, that the remaining 200,000 livres should be paid after his departure, on condition that the sick of Damietta, and the Christian stores and property there, should be faithfully respected, and that all Christian slaves in Egypt be given up.

The King was lodged in a tent at the gate of Damietta, and Damietta was surrendered early in the morning, when the emirs immediately began to discuss whether all the prisoners should not be put to death. The debate lasted the whole day, and the only circumstance which saved the French prisoners was the foresight of the King in having the money removed to a ship in the harbour.

In the early morning the Moslem standards were seen floating from the towers of the city, and hour after hour of the day advanced and not a captive was released. The Queen, indeed, and her suite were embarked. But the King was waiting alone in his tent at the gate, and the captives were watching from the galleys, till the broad sun of Egypt was sinking down into the waters of the Nile, without having been supplied with food the whole day, and the anxiety of all was of course unspeakable. Indeed, at one time the galleys began to remount the river to Cairo. The death of the King and of all had been resolved upon by the emirs in council.

The chief advocate for the violation of the convention was Heman-Eddin, one of the most influential of the emirs, who had been so struck with the mien and resolution of the King, with the proof of his invincible devotion to the Christian faith, that it seemed to him madness and folly to release so redoubtable an enemy of the Mohammedan religion, and he endeavoured to convince his colleagues of the expediency of putting to death the French King, and the flower of the chivalry of France, now in their power, and abandoning the ransom. A long and violent discussion occupied nearly the whole day, and if the 200,000 livres had not been in the ship riding at anchor in sight, Saint Louis would then have ended his career. But at last the cupidity of the majority, and especially of Egg-Eddin-Aylek, who had been chosen regent, and would have the largest share of the ransom, prevailed, and it was determined to fulfil the convention.

The respect of the Saracen multitudes

for the King, however, was displayed on his departure. 20,000 armed with their scimitars formed an escort of honour to the sea-side when he embarked on board a Genoese galley. But there was yet again a terrible moment of suspense, for the King, faithful to his promise, and contrary to the advice of his barons, paid the whole of the ransom-money before his brother the Comte de Poitiers was released. So jealous was he of his good faith, that when he was told the last 10,000 livres were delivered, and Monseigneur Philippe added in a jocular way, "I think we have cheated them of a scaleful!" he turned on him a very severe and angry face, and only relented when he was told that the whole sum was really and fairly delivered to the emirs. Then his galley left and transferred him to the larger ship which was to take him; but both on the way to the vessel and on board he watched anxiously for some sign of his brother. All shared the King's anxiety, till a small boat was seen in the dark leaving the shore, and as it came nearer the form of the Comte de Poitiers was distinguishable. "*Allume, allume,*" cried the King to the sailors, giving the word for lighting the signal for departure, on board his vessel. The little fleet, bearing the mournful remnant of the mighty armament which a year ago had so proudly approached Damietta, spread its sails for the coast of Palestine.

The first intention of the King had been to return to France, but the violation of the terms of the treaty by the Egyptians at Damietta, who had burnt the stores and murdered the sick, and burnt their corpses, piled up with the salt pork of the French provisions, determined him to go to Acre, to watch over the execution of the unfulfilled part of the convention, one of whose provisions was that no military operations should take place in Palestine for ten years.

The passage from Damietta to Acre occupied six days, and first Louis arrived there on the 14th of May 1250. After the first feelings of relief at finding himself again at liberty, his reflections were inexpressibly mournful. Exactly one short year had elapsed since, with a splendid army of sixty thousand men, in magnificent array, he had set sail from Cyprus. And as he sat on the poop of his vessel, and saw his knights around him in a half-clothed condition, and his foremost barons in squalid and tattered raiment, and thought of the thousands of true hearts now mixed with the soil of Egypt, it was impossible not to feel the anguish of the contrast. Above all, he mourned for the loss of his affectionate and impetuous brother Robert, the chief cause

of his disaster, and contrasted his warm and impetuous nature with that of the cold-blooded and scheming Charles d'Anjou, the disciple of Simon de Montfort, for whose ambition France was to pay the bloody penalty of the Sicilian Vespers, and who sailed now in the same ship with his brother, leaving him to his solitary reflections, and playing at games of chance with Nemours. This passion for play at such a time seemed so indecent to the King, that at last, as Anjou one day was playing at "*tables*," backgammon, with his fellow-passengers, he seized the board and the dice and threw them into the sea, and this — the only instance of impatience on record of him — bespeaks the inward conflict of his emotion. It was, however, during this voyage that he contracted his friendship for the Sire de Joinville, who sat at his feet discussing the events of the Crusade, clothed in one wretched garment, the only one now remaining out of all his equipment.

Saint Louis remained yet four years in Palestine, in spite of urgent entreaties to return to France. He considered it was not for his honour to leave Palestine in a worse state than he found it, and he had also especially at heart the release of the thirty thousand prisoners of Egypt. Month by month whole shiploads of released captives landed on the quays of Acre, who blessed the French King for their liberty; and he set actively to work to restore the fortifications of the Christian towns on the sea-coast, often assisting with his own hands in the operations. He showed considerable diplomatic ability in dealing with the great Mussulman Powers; and the emirs of Egypt having violated their engagements, he made a treaty with the Sultan of Damascus, by which he might, if he had been supported by any fresh levies of European troops, have been put in possession of Jerusalem; but he lacked entirely support, either from the Pope, still pursuing his plans of aggrandizement at the expense of the race of Hohenstauffen, or from the other Powers of Europe. He was enabled to make a pilgrimage to Nazareth, and might also have made one to Jerusalem, but he was dissuaded from doing so, on the ground that it would be a bad precedent for one of the chief kings of Europe to visit it in the hands of the Infidels. The death of his mother, Blanche of Castille, — called by a chronicler *la dame des dames de ce monde*, — in 1252, affected him necessarily very deeply, and two years later, since he was urgently pressed again to return on account of the state of affairs in France, he appointed the valiant Geoffrey de Sargines as

his lieutenant in Syria, and set sail from Acre on 25th April 1254, which happened to be his thirty-ninth birthday. His voyage was protracted by contrary winds to the length of eleven weeks. In the first week he gave an example of a fine act of humanity, in refusing to leave his vessel, which was in danger of sinking, rather than endanger the lives of the rest of the passengers. He landed at Hyères on the 8th of July, but did not reach Vincennes till the 5th of September; such was the rate of mediæval travel. After rendering thanks at the shrine of St. Denis, the patron saint of the kingdom, on the following day, he entered Paris with his Queen, and the three children born during the Crusade, on the 9th. Wherever he had to pass he was received with signs of devotion and attachment; but the signs of fatigue and suffering were too visible on his countenance for the manifestations of joy to be exuberant, and one circumstance especially people saw with grave apprehension,—the cross still attached to his shoulder, denoting his intention of undertaking another Crusade.

The interest of the second Crusade of Saint Louis is inferior to that of the first, and the vivid narrative of an eye-witness such as Joinville is wanting to us, for Joinville refused to follow his master on another Crusade. His experience of the last was quite sufficient for him, and on this occasion he took a sager view of his duties to his people. He found, he says, his people had suffered by his absence during the former expedition, and concluded that he should provoke the anger of God,—“*qui donna son corps pour sauver son peuple*,” if he imperilled his life anew, “*au mal et au dommage de sa gent*.”

The same motives, however, actuated Saint Louis in the second as in the first Crusade. The footing of the Christians in the East was more precarious, and their condition more intolerable than ever; and it was evident that unless a mighty effort were made, the last Christian colonies on the coast must be abandoned, and Palestine abandoned for ever to the followers of Islam.

In the fifteen years which intervened between the two Crusades, while Saint Louis was governing his kingdom in peace, and giving it such a degree of order, prosperity, and tranquillity as it had never known before, a series of horrors, invasions, and massacres had again desolated unhappy Palestine. The Tartars had again swept westwards under their Khan Hologou, and destroyed utterly the remains of the Saladin dynasty at Damascus and Aleppo, and

overrun all Syria. But such Mongol hordes were never more than mere emissaries of destruction. After ravaging the earth, these Tartars disappear from history, as the Kharismians had disappeared; and the chief result of their invasion was to increase the power of Bibars Bondocdar, now Sultan, by the removal of every Mussulman rival.

After a series of assassinations and revolutions, Bibars Bondocdar, the Mameluke chief, who had murdered Malek Moadam during the captivity of Louis, became the supreme Lord of the East. The methods by which Bibars Bondocdar became minister of supreme power in Egypt necessarily bespeak his character. He was the most active, able, perfidious, and ferocious enemy with whom the Christians had yet had to contend. In 1265 he surprised Cæsarea, and took it in six days. Fortress after fortress of the Franks fell into his power. The valiant lieutenant of Louis, Geoffroy de Sargines, sent him back three separate times from the walls of Acre; but Saphet, the chief fortress of the Templars, fell into his hands. He ravaged the environs of Tripoli and Tyre; he laid waste the Christian kingdom of Armenia; he took Jaffa; and finally, carried by storm, in three days, the great city of Antioch—the proudest conquest of the first Crusaders, which had ever since remained a Christian principality; the city was delivered to the flames; seventeen thousand of its defenders were slain by the sword, one hundred thousand prisoners reduced into slavery, and the mighty capital, formerly styled the Queen of the East, was turned into a wilderness and a solitude.

The news of this terrible calamity convulsed all Europe; and it was not possible but that Saint Louis, who was the veritable incarnation of all the best aspirations of chivalry and mediæval Faith, should feel his inmost soul stirred at the intelligence, and resolve once more to court the crown of martyrdom rather than resign tamely the last relics of the sacred possessions of Christendom to the murderous grasp of the Mameluke chief of Egypt.

The armament, which was intended still to proceed ultimately to Palestine, was allowed by Louis to be diverted to Tunis, by representations from two widely different and even hostile sources, in both of which he was deceived. Charles of Anjou was now monarch of Sicily, to the crown of which Tunis had been tributary; and he was endeavouring to restore his supremacy. The Sultan of Tunis, Mohammed Mostanser, on the other hand, to prevent the pos-

sible intervention of the powerful brother of Charles, and to gain his favour, had sent ambassadors to his court, and declared, among other things, that so far from being hostile to Christianity, there was nothing he wished so much as to embrace the religion, were he not prevented by fear of his powerful neighbour in Egypt. This clumsy device of the Tunisian Sultan had just the contrary effect to what he intended, for it determined Louis to follow the persuasions of his brother of Anjou, and to go to Tunis. The notion of converting the Tunisian sovereign and his people to Christianity, and re-establishing the Christian Church triumphantly on the shores of Carthage, where it had such a glorious existence in the days of St. Augustine and St. Cyprian, was likely, above all, to inflame his pious imagination. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "*si je pouvais être le parrain d'un tel filleul.*" The simplicity and ardour of the faith of Saint Louis were especially remarkable in its indestructible ready belief in the possibility of extending the pale of Christianity, not by the sword alone, but by conversion. He believed in the expansive vitality of his religion as firmly as a saint of the first ages of Christianity. While in Palestine, he sent a mission to convert the Tartars; he made many attempts at conversion among the Moslem when in Palestine, and was in some cases successful. He regarded his converts with especial affection—brought them to France with him, and provided for their maintenance both during his lifetime and by will. If he made the speech which Joinville reports, and which Gibbon chuckles over in a note, that the only method of argument with an Infidel was *mettre l'épée dedans le ventre aussi loin qu'elle pouvait entrer*, he never acted upon it; and in his last moments he was heard continually murmuring to himself, "Pour Dieu! étudions comment la foi Catholique peut être prêchée et plantée à Tunis. Oh! quel est l'homme propre à cette œuvre."

Thus the last glorious, if impracticable desire of Saint Louis, was the preaching of the Gospel on the shores of Africa.

However, he became well aware of the insincerity of the Sultan of Tunis before he reached the coast of Africa; but the persuasions of the Comte d'Anjou, and of other Crusaders, who believed the city was extravagantly rich, and would afford enormous spoil at an easy cost, prevailed in his council.

He disembarked his army at Tunis in the middle of one of the hottest months in the year, July 1270, when the fierce sun leapt back from the burning sands and torrid soil

in intolerable radiance, and made the air a quivering burning flame.

The enfeebled constitution of Saint Louis sank in a month under the same trials and maladies which had overwhelmed him in his first Egyptian campaign,—two of his sons having preceded him to the grave. As for the expedition, it met with the same easy successes on their landing as the previous Crusade, with the same faults, the same delays, and the same maladies to impede its progress during the short time it remained on the soil of Africa, from which the Crusaders ultimately retreated, after making an advantageous treaty of peace with the Sultan. The chief error of the conduct of the expedition was in waiting for the Comte d'Anjou, who had made conditions that active operations should not commence till his arrival, and he arrived only in time to find the body of his brother, from whose lips the last sigh of parting breath had just ascended in prayer, stretched, as he desired to die, on a bed of ashes, with his arms crossed upon his breast.

When Louis knew that the fever which consumed him was fatal, he called for Philip, the only survivor of the three bright sons who had accompanied him, and he took from his prayer-book—*Son livre d'Heures*,—the paper of instructions he had written for his guidance, and prayed him to observe them as his last will and testament. These instructions, known as the *Enseignements* of Saint Louis, contain the wisest and most pious counsel ever dictated by monarch to his successor. No saint ever died more saintly. In the last stage of weakness he found strength to arise and kneel as he took the sacrament. Among the last ejaculations he cried frequently, "*Esto, Domine, plebis tue sanctificator et custos.*" In the even before his death he was heard to cry aloud, "*Quis nobis in Jerusalem!*" and again, "*Introibo in domum tuam, adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum!*" Then he prayed for the people of his expedition, and his last words were, "*Père, je commets mon esprit en ta garde.*"—August 25, 1270.

A sound of clarions and trumpets was heard at the same moment. It announced the arrival of his brother, the King of Sicily, in the port of Carthage. He came immediately to the King's tent. His iron nature broke down at the sight. He fell at the King's feet and passionately kissed them, and could only say, with heaving breast and agonizing sobs, "Monseigneur! Mon frère!"

If human existence is not merely earthly and animal, no one can say that the life of Saint Louis was a failure, or that he was

not happy, even to his death. His saintly virtues hallowed the kingly institution in France as it was emerging from the rude chaos of feudalism; royalty became a religion, and the mystic aureole which he wore in the popular imagination descended to crown the heads of each of his descendants; an aureole of which it took the turpitude of a Louis XV. to dim the brightness, and which was extinguished only in the blood-torrents of the guillotine. The royalty of France perished with the exhortation—*"Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel."* He was one of the chiefest of the sons of light, and would make no pact with darkness. He showed that it was possible for a sovereign and a politician, of no surpassing genius, to act, privately and publicly, according to the dictates of the loftiest code of principles conceivable by human intelligence, without the aid of statecraft or duplicity, and such is no small triumph for humanity. Base that nature must indeed be who can pass by him in history and not do him reverence. The facts of his life speak for themselves, and require no eulogy; for praise which would be hyperbolic in other cases, would here fall short of the truth.

It may be objected, however, that the severity of his laws for some offences, and especially for blasphemy, forms a blemish upon his character and his reign. But he expressed himself his willingness to be subject to the legal punishment, provided he could banish blasphemy from his kingdom. And it must be remembered he himself lived a life of such self-denial as would be intolerable to ordinary men. As for his general kindness to his subjects, one example is sufficient: during a season of scarcity in Normandy, the royal wagons, which usually came up from Normandy loaded with tax-money, in that year went down to Normandy loaded with money given out of the Royal treasury for distribution. He was respected by all neighbouring nations as the great peacemaker in the quarrel between Henry III. and his barons. They submitted the matters in dispute between them to him as arbitrator; and all Europe re-echoed the words uttered by the Pope in the Bull of Canonization: "House of France, rejoice to have given to the world so great a Prince! People of France, rejoice at having possessed so good a King!"

SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.—By Henry Kingsley. Mr. Henry Kingsley's latest novel does not appear to us equal to some of his former productions, but he is always extremely readable, and his manly unaffected style contrasts most favourably with the false sentiment and sensational claptrap which characterizes too many of our modern novelists. *Silcote of Silcotes* does not boast the originality of *Geoffrey Hamlyn* or the racy humour of *Ravenshoe*, though the account of the Squire's going to church is altogether worthy of the pen that described the blind man's dog in the public-house in the latter work. Our author seems in the opening chapters of this book like a hound newly uncoupled; he tries forward and back, at one time making a détour to the right, and at another dashing off to the left, with his nose now in the air and now again close to the ground, until at last, having hit on the scent, he follows the trail steadily forward. The principal characters of the story are well imagined and worked out, especially Silcote himself and Mrs. Sugden. As to the former, we are thankful to Mr. Kingsley for letting us off so easily, since, with his terrible history, we tremble to think what "the Dark Squire" might

have become in the hands of Miss Braddon or any of her frantic imitators. As to Mrs. Sugden, although it takes away one's breath to hear a peasant woman quoting French and Latin within the limits of a single speech, at which our author himself confesses his astonishment, yet the phenomenon is explained further on without, for a novel, too far violating the bounds of probability. Mr. Kingsley has fallen into the trick of introducing into the present work some of the personages of his former stories, an artifice strongly objected to by some critics, but one we hold to be perfectly justifiable, for, as Obenreizer says, "The world is so small," and an air of truthfulness and reality is by this means imparted to the story. Putting aside his propensity to make children talk like grown-up people,—and like very clever grown-up people, too,—Mr. Kingsley displays a wonderful insight into the character of boys and girls, especially of the former; and we would strongly urge him to try his hand at a boy's book, in which we predict for him a signal success such as Tom Brown himself might be proud of. In conclusion, we cordially recommend *Silcote of Silcotes* to our readers.

Spectator.

From The North British Review.

ON SLEEP.

1. *Ueber Kohlensäureausscheidung und Sauerstoffaufnahme während des Wachens und Schlafens beim Menschen.* Von Dr. PETTENKOFFER und Dr. VOIT. München, 1867.
2. *On Sleep, and some of its Concomitant Phenomena.* By Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR. Northern Journal of Medicine, 1844.
3. *The State of the Brain during Sleep.* By A. Durham. Guy's Hospital Reports, Third Series, vol. vi., 1866.

"HALF our days," says Sir T. Browne, "we pass in the shadow of the earth, and the brother of death extracteth a third part of our lives." This is a true estimate of the time passed in sleep, for however exceptional the requirements of certain individuals may be, it is undoubted that, as a general average, there should be sixteen hours of wakefulness and eight hours of sleep during the day of twenty-four hours. The moderns as well as the ancients are inclined to view sleep as the brother of death. "It is that death by which we may literally be said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between death and life. In fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God."* There is more poetical feeling than scientific accuracy in this analogy. Not that there is any anomaly in the supposition that death alternates with life in the same individual. The whole life of an animal is accompanied by an incessant death of its parts; for every manifestation of muscular force, every sensation, every act of volition, nay, every intellectual thought, is accompanied by the death of the parts through which these were manifested to the world. It is the vegetable kingdom which is the cradle of organic life; the animal kingdom is the grave of organic death. As long as this death of parts is local, and capable of repair by the nutritive processes, which build new material into the same form and position as the dead matter that has been removed, the general life of the individual is not impaired. These partial destructions and constructions of parts are continuous, but not equal, for during a day of activity the former are greater in amount than the latter. Hence the necessity for a period of repose from labours, when both the muscles and the

nervous system may be repaired — a period when a greater rate of nocturnal constructiveness in the body may balance the destructiveness of diurnal labour. Sleep is the period when an animal most resembles a vegetable in its functions of nutrition. Vegetative life is characterized by growth, and construction of organic matter. In sleep the animal is mainly a constructive machine, repairing all the parts which have been wasted during the day, and storing up force for use during the hours of wakefulness. It will be seen that we intend to examine sleep in its scientific aspect, laying to one side the metaphysics and poetry with which it is surrounded, while we solicit the reader's attention to the views which have lately thrown light upon a subject that has actively engaged the attention of thinkers from Aristotle to the present time.

It is necessary to the understanding of our subject, that some of the functions of the sections of the brain should be borne in mind. The encephalon, or brain, includes the entire contents of the skull, and is in connexion with the spinal cord, of which it may be viewed as a development. In the human brain, the upper part consists of two large hemispheres, termed the cerebrum, the supposed seat of intellectual activity. These become less in size and importance as we descend in the scale of animals, until, with some insignificant exceptions, they disappear in the invertebrata — fishes being the lowest animals which appear to have organs of ideation. Under the cerebrum is found the cerebellum, a distinct nervous region, which some physiologists believe to be intrusted with the powers of regulating and combining movements, although this exclusive power of co-ordination cannot be considered as established by experiments on decapitated animals. Opposite the cerebellum is a large tract of important ganglia, forming the sensorium, or seat of the instinctive actions. Impressions made on the organs of sense appear to be communicated to the cerebrum through the sensorium, so that as soon as the latter falls into torpor, no external impressions can reach the hemispheres to excite in them intellectual activity. Without going further into the divisions of the brain, we may assume that no one will now contend with Cartesians that the soul of man resides in the pineal gland, or in any other *nodus vite*, but that all will admit that the whole brain forms its throne, from which is issued the mysterious government of the body. Yet this does not remove the necessity for admitting that certain tracts of the brain have special functions, some for ideation, others for executing the

* Sir T. Browne.

commands of volition, others again for adjusting and combining movements, or for the communication of conscious sensations, although all the provinces are in combination, and under one common government, with which they must be in constant intercourse. All the tracts of the brain proper have the faculty of ceasing their activity, or of passing into the state of sleep. Under the sensory ganglia, however, is an important region, termed the *medulla oblongata*, which prolongs itself into the spinal cord, and may be considered as a part of the true spinal system. This system never sleeps, but is always watchful, for to it are intrusted the movements of the heart, lungs, and intestines, and most probably also the important duties of nutritive construction. If torpor passed upon such automatic centres, it could only be that sleep of death which is the great slip that launches organic matter into the inorganic world, and the soul into eternity.

The cranium is freely supplied with blood, for nearly one-fifth of its total quantity in the body circulates through the brain during its waking state. It was an old error among physiologists that there was more blood, or at least as much, during sleep as in wakefulness; but this was disproved by Blumenbach, and still more convincingly by Donders, who made a cruel, though striking experiment on the subject. He cut away part of the skull of an animal, and cemented in its place a piece of glass, through which he could observe the brain in its different states. This experiment has been repeated by Kussmaul and Tenner in Germany, by Durham in England, and by Hammond in America, with like results. In the waking state, the brain is larger than it is during sleep, while in the latter condition it becomes pale and bloodless. If the animal be disturbed by dreams, a blush suffuses parts of the brain; and after complete wakefulness the cerebral substance becomes turgid with blood, the whole surface being now a bright red, while vessels, invisible during sleep, are filled with blood coursing rapidly through them. The eye, which may be looked upon as an exposed part of the brain, acts in a similar way; for Dr. Jackson has shown that the optic disk is whiter, the arteries smaller, and the veins larger in sleep than in the waking state. In the circulation of blood in the brain, various precautions are provided to weaken the impulse in its ascent. It ascends against gravity in a vertical column, which, passing through an angular curvature of the internal carotid artery, has its impetus lessened before it passes into the brain.

On the other hand, everything favours the return of blood from the brain when it has done its work.

There is another fluid in the brain which has a close relation to sleep, although its importance has not been recognised by writers on the subject. This is a watery fluid — the cerebro-spinal fluid — which bathes the brain on all sides, and in all its convolutions. It is secreted easily, and absorbed with equal readiness, so that, as the skull is a close cavity which requires to be always filled, a diminution of blood in the brain is attended with an increase of cerebro-spinal fluid. The spinal column and the brain are in intimate connexion, so that when the blood-vessels contract during sleep the fluid rises into the brain by atmospheric pressure; when they become turgid, the fluid is partially expelled from the brain into the spinal column. If the base of the skull is fractured, this fluid does not flow out while the patient is asleep, but begins to flow again from the orifice when he awakes. The cerebro-spinal fluid abounds in the brain of idiots, and others prone to sleep, and is in much smaller amount in the brains of persons of active intellectual habits.

Having now given a general description of the brain sufficient for our purpose, we proceed to consider the causes of sleep, after which its objects and uses will be again brought under review.

For a long time sleep was supposed to be a state of congestion in the brain, produced by a turgidity of the vessels. This is incompatible with recent observations already referred to, which have shown that there is much less blood in circulation in the brain during sleep than in the waking state. The old experiments supposed to prove a congested state of the brain in reality only produced a bloodless condition of it. Magendie injected hot water into the brain and induced sleep. But in doing so, he necessarily expelled blood, by introducing another fluid into the closed undilating cavity of the skull. For the same reason, sleep ensues when the aorta of an animal is tied, or when arterial blood is removed from the body by bleeding, but not to an extent which produces convulsions. The compression of the carotids in men occasions a sleep amounting to stupor, as has been long known, for Rufus of Ephesus maintains that the word *carotis* has its origin in this fact: — “*Arterias per collum subeuntes carotides, i.e., somniferas antiquos nominasse, quoniam compressæ hominem sopore gravabant vocemque adimebant.*” When arterial blood is withdrawn from an animal, and

venous blood is injected in its place, sleep also ensues. The ultimate cause of these experiences is explained in the following passage, from the paper on Sleep by Dr. Lyon Playfair in 1844:—

"Physiologists are agreed that, towards evening, or after a certain number of hours of work, the involuntary organs, the heart and lungs, lose their wonted activity, and suffer a periodical diminution of action. Blumenbach describes the case of a patient trepanned, in whom the brain was observed to sink during sleep and enlarge on waking, obviously arising from the circulation being diminished in the former state and increased in the latter. . . . Arterial blood alone can cause the waste of the brain, for venous blood has already parted with its oxygen to the materials met with in its course. Matter in a state of inertia cannot manifest the existence of a power. Motion alone shows that some power is in operation. If the portion of matter used as the organ of manifestation be placed in such a condition as to render that manifestation impossible, there is no evidence to the world that power was exerted. It has been perfectly demonstrated that every manifestation of power in the voluntary organs is accompanied by a change of the matter of which they consist. The changed matter, being now unfit for vital structures, is separated from the body. Müller, and all other eminent physiologists, are of opinion that the same change takes place in the brain, the organ of the mind. In fact, the contrary opinion involves such violation of analogy, that its adoption, unless founded on the strongest grounds, is inadmissible. We look upon a spot attentively; it gradually waxes dimmer, until it finally disappears. We think upon a particular subject; in time our thoughts are less clear, soon they become strangely confused, and we are obliged to give up the attempt at concentration by thinking on a subject quite different from that which first engaged our thoughts. This of course implies that the organs of manifestation have become in part destroyed, and that the mind cannot manifest itself to the world until the impaired organs have again attained their proper integrity; for it cannot be conceived that the mind, disconnected with matter, could suffer exhaustion. This involves, it is true, the idea that different parts of the brain are employed in different manifestations. We know that as far as intellect and sensation are concerned, this is the case, and probability indicates a more minute division. If, therefore, the brain suffer changes, as do the other organs of the body by their exercise, there is as much necessity for repose in the action of the brain as there is for a vegetative state of existence to reinstate in their full integrity its various parts. Hence the necessity for that quiescent state of the mind known as sleep, when its manifestations cease. The waste of cerebral substance could only have been occasioned by oxygen, which is the only ultimate cause of waste, as far as we are aware, in the animal

economy. A deficiency in its supply would therefore retard waste, and allow vitality to remodel its impaired structures.

"Such, then, is the state into which the body is thrown by the periodical diminution in the action of the heart and lungs. The less rapidly that the heart beats, the less rapidly can the blood be aerated, and the oxygen-bearing fluid be supplied to the brain. The slower that the lungs act, the slower must oxygen enter the system to supply the diminished circulation. And as the brain in sleep is not in a state in which it can change, from a deficiency in the supply of oxygen, the consequence is (if it be admitted that the manifestation of thought and sensation is accompanied by changes in the material substance of the brain), that the manifestations of the mind are prevented, and it becomes no longer apparent to the external world. This, THEN, IS SLEEP."

The theory, thus succinctly stated, is, as we have seen, compatible with recent experiments on animals having part of their skulls removed and substituted by glass. The observations made through this transparent medium show that there is less arterial blood coursing through the brain during sleep, and that consequently the conditions of waste are absent, while there is still sufficient left to repair the matter which had been wasted. But if the theory is true, it must explain the common phenomena of sleep, and must not be in actual contradiction to the important discoveries of Pettenkofer, who shows that oxygen is actually stored up in the blood in greater proportion in the sleeping than in the waking condition.

If the diminution of oxygen in the blood predisposes to sleep, the converse must be true, that its increase should tend to wakefulness. When a man is exposed to starvation, the inspired oxygen first attacks the fat and muscular tissues of the body, and while this emaciation is in progress he is low and depressed: After a time the substance of the brain yields to the circulating oxygen, and delirious paroxysms ensue, because the brain-matter now wastes too rapidly for regulated manifestations of the mind. Ultimately the heart becomes enfeebled, the blood flows sluggishly, and is less arterialized, so that the brain receives a smaller amount of oxygen; the delirium then subsides, and the sleep of death follows. The case of a drunkard is somewhat similar. At the beginning of his carouse, alcohol stimulates the action of the heart, which now sends blood rapidly to the lungs for aeration. A large supply of blood-disks consequently reach the brain, which is stimulated into activity. The ideas of the drinker now flow rapidly, at first cohe-

rently, but soon without control; the brain-matter wastes too rapidly, and delirium ensues. During this time the volatile alcohol is diffusing itself through the system, converting arterial into venous blood, and loading that fluid with a spirit which has a tendency to prevent change in the tissues, so that the drunkard gradually becomes stupid, falls off his chair in the stupor of sleep, or, if too far gone, dies of venous apoplexy. In a like way intoxicating gas, the nitrous oxide of Davy, acts upon its inhaler. The first effect is to produce rapid arterialization of the blood, so that the inhaler has an ardent desire for activity. He tries to mount up into the air like a bird, or he becomes combative, and knocks down persons in his vicinity, while his ideas become wonderfully rapid, though incoherent. During this time carbonic acid is being abundantly formed, and its depressing effect soon ends the period of exhilaration. Under the influence of chloroform the period of exhilaration is usually momentary, for the vapour acts quickly on the blood, and soon changes that in the brain from a red to a purple hue. As the anæsthetic influence passes away, the purple hue fades, and numerous vessels filled with red blood again become apparent. Harley, in his experiments with blood, found that a small portion of chloroform added to it prevents transformation, and therefore yields the condition for sleep. The cases now cited show clearly that any cause which increases the flow of arterial blood in the brain produces cerebral excitement; while any cause which diminishes the action of oxygen produces depression, sleep, or torpor, according to its degree of action. The known tendency to sleep after dinner may be given as another illustration. When the stomach is distended with food, the diaphragm is made to encroach on the lungs, and diminishes their play, or, in other words, prevents the full access of oxygen to the blood. At the same time the stomach becomes charged with arterial blood, and the vessels of the intestines also are unusually full. If an animal in the act of digestion be killed, the vessels of the alimentary canal and of the liver are found to be gorged, while those of the brain, spinal marrow, and even of the muscles, are contracted and comparatively bloodless. Here, then, we have all the conditions of sleep. The postprandial sleeper now draws his chair close to the fire, in order that his nap may be undisturbed. There are two physiological reasons for this act. Less oxygen is entering the body to burn the food, and he feels cold; but this cold would excite the respiratory organs to increased activity, and

disturb his contemplated enjoyment. An after-dinner sleeper temporarily resembles the permanent condition of a pig fattened for the butcher. In its case, fat accumulated round the viscera pushes up the diaphragm against the lungs, and compels them to play in a contracted space. When the animal further distends its stomach with food, it gives a few grunts as an ineffectual attempt at a more active respiration, and is in a deep sleep in a few minutes. Obese men, from a similar cause, are also prone to sleep.

"The tendency to sleep in different animals is in inverse proportion to the amount of oxygen consumed by them, and to the amount of carbonic acid produced. Thus reptiles and the naked amphibia produce, relatively to their weight, according to the experiments of Müller, one-tenth the amount of carbonic acid evolved by mammalia and one-nineteenth that of birds. We have no numbers to express the tendency to sleep of these animals, but it is known that reptiles are peculiarly liable to be in a state of torpor or sleep, while birds are, on the contrary, wakeful animals. A reptile, such as a frog, will exist in a state of torpor for hours in an atmosphere of hydrogen, while birds die in a few seconds with the ordinary symptoms of asphyxia. The same circumstance of a diminished supply of oxygen, which induces sleep in reptiles, acts also in different mammalia in the promotion of this state, according to the relative size or activity of their lungs. It also operates in a like way with different men."*

Having now seen that the proofs are tolerably conclusive that sleep is due to a diminished supply of arterial blood in the brain, or, in other words, to the inability of the brain-matter to undergo those changes through which the mind can alone manifest itself to the world, we now proceed to consider more in detail than we have yet done, the objects and purposes of sleep. These are mainly—

1. The restoration of wasted organs.
2. The storing up of force.

We have as yet no exact measure by which we can ascertain to what extent the general tissues of the body wasted in the day are repaired during the night, though doubtless much is done in this way. As urea is the chief representative of waste, we might expect some light to be thrown upon the subject by ascertaining how much passes away at the different periods of the twenty-four hours. A man who spent two days, one at rest, chiefly in reading novels, the other at work with a turning lathe, passed in the first day 58 per cent. of the

* Dr. Lyon Playfair.

urea in the day-time, and 42 per cent. during the night; while in the day of work 54 per cent. were eliminated during waking and 46 after sleep. As about 20 per cent. of the total quantity would have amply sufficed for the waste of the involuntary organs, which are still active during sleep, the figures show that the renewal of tissues and the removal of wasted matter are actively proceeding during the night. The cells, in which all organized tissues originate, have an independent vitality, and are not influenced in the performance of their duties by the sleep of the brain, so that nutrition still continues to be active, probably more active than at any period of the day, for construction is now the chief work of the body, the animal, during sleep, having chiefly a vegetative existence. The quiescence of the brain, and its inability to receive impressions or to send forth the commands of volition, permit a complete restoration of parts by delivering over the body to the entire control of constructive nutrition. Sleep, in this sense, is not the brother of death (*consanguineus leti*), but rather the preserver of life. Somaus was very probably the son of Nox, for she gave birth to the day as well as to sleep; but the ancients may have been mistaken in making Erebus, a deity of hell, his father, for his birth betokens rather a celestial than an infernal influence.

During sleep force is stored up in the body in a remarkable manner, as has been shown by the experiments of Pettenkoffer. At Munich, the King of Bavaria has erected a chamber, supplied with every appliance for measuring the air which enters it and for ascertaining the composition of the air that passes from it. This chamber is sufficiently large to enable persons to live comfortably in it during the time that they are made the subjects of experiments. Among other remarkable results which have flowed from the enlightened liberality of the Bavarian King, we have a series of experiments made on various individuals during their waking and sleeping state. A healthy man was put into this chamber, with the light occupation of taking to pieces the work of a watch. Of the total quantity of oxygen inhaled by him 33 per cent. only were absorbed during the day, and about double, or 67 per cent., during the night; while the exhaled carbonic acid, the gaseous product of transformation, was 58 per cent. during the day and 42 per cent. during the night. In the day of mechanical labour, the difference between day and night was still more striking. These remarkable results, if they are confirmed by subsequent experiments,

for which physiologists are anxiously waiting, prove that night is the chief period for storing up oxygen in the blood, to be used during the day in the production of work, when volition finds it ready at hand to execute the voluntary motions, and to enable the mind to make its manifestations through changes in brain-matter. If it be established that night is the time for storing up oxygen, the importance of sleeping in well-ventilated rooms cannot be too strongly insisted on. The workman has to store up his force during the night, and should take every precaution to assist Nature in fulfilling this important function. Pettenkoffer has compared this storing up of oxygen in the circulating blood to a mill-stream, which the miller can turn on one, one-half, or three-fourths, in exact proportion as the work requires. The will uses the blood-stream in the same way, having it always available for work. The miller has his mill-pond as a reservoir of force to supply the stream; while the will has its reservoir of force filled during the night, and amply sufficient to meet the wants of the day. But another analogy may perhaps explain the process still better, and serve to fix it in our minds. The little blood-disks sailing along in the stream of blood, with a vitality and motion of their own, may be likened to a fleet of tiny vessels in incessant activity. During the night they take in a cargo of oxygen in the lungs, and sail away with it to every part of the system. Some of them part with their cargo even during the night, and, laden with a return cargo of carbonic acid, sail back to the lungs, where they discharge it by exchanging it for a new supply of oxygen. But the greater number of our fleet are less active, and only discharge their oxygen during the day, waiting till night before they take up again a new cargo of this gas, which has so many important functions to perform.

What we have now stated as to the rich store of oxygen laid up in the blood during sleep, may appear to be inconsistent with the theory that it is due to a diminished oxidation of brain-matter. A little consideration will show that there is no inconsistency. Sleep arises when work has diminished the oxidation of the blood, and increased the amount of carbonic acid in the system, or, in other words, the quantity of venous blood. It is not improbable that the excess of carbonic acid in the blood has a direct influence in the result, for the experiments of Liston have shown that this substance has a positive sedative effect upon the elements of the tissue, paralysing for the time their vital energies. The brain has

diminished in volume by work, as a muscle does, and a flow of cerebro-spinal fluid takes place, helping at the same time to expel the blood from the cranium. The brain no longer being in a condition to oxidise, rapidly falls into unconsciousness, and the mind sending no commands to the voluntary organs, enables the blood to devote itself to constructive instead of destructive work, and to get rid of its excess of carbonic acid, renewing at the same time its oxygen. The increased supply of the latter, however, finds only partial access to the brain, from which it is shut out by the cerebro-spinal fluid. As the blood, however, becomes richer in oxygen during the progress of the night, it courses through the larger arteries still open to it (for many of the capillaries become, by their contraction, too small to admit the blood-disks, and pass only *liquor sanguinis*), and the increasing oxygen becomes the condition of a natural awaking from sleep. This explains the experiments of E. Smith, who found that towards morning more carbonic acid is evolved, even during sleep, than is the case in the earlier hours of the night. As the oxygen augments in the blood-vessels of the brain wakefulness follows, because that element acquires power to compel cerebral change, and the mind now finds the material, placed at its disposal for external manifestations, renewed and invigorated by constructive nutrition during repose.

Hybernation is that state of winter sleep to which certain animals are subject. Among the most distinct winter sleepers are the bat, hedgehog, the marmot, the hamster, and the dormouse. The bear and beaver pass their winter in lethargy, but may be active enough if aroused. Cold-blooded animals, including the chelonian, saurian, ophidian, and batrachian tribes, have a winter of lethargic apathy, as also have some kinds of fishes. Diurnal and winter sleep are periodical phenomena differing only in degree. A bat sleeping during the day sinks in temperature just as it does in its long winter sleep. Hybernating animals have a degree of muscular irritability inversely proportionate to the activity of their respiration. Thus reptiles, with a sluggish respiration, have a high degree of muscular irritability, while birds, with active respiration, are much inferior in that respect. This provision is requisite during a long sleep to allow the low arterialized blood to stimulate the heart to action, otherwise the animal must die of asphyxia. In full hybernation very little respiration goes on at all. A bat during its sleep took sixty-six hours to produce $3\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches of carbonic acid,

its temperature being only half a degree above that of the air. The hedgehog, which wakes every three or four days to get snails and worms for food, in its waking state has a temperature of 95° , and in its sleeping condition only of 45° .

"Perhaps I might venture to throw out an explanation of the winter sleep of animals. In summer they accumulate fat in their bodies, probably from the very fact of the smallness of their lungs, which prevents the entrance of a sufficient supply of oxygen to convert the surplus unazotised food into carbonic acid and water. This fat, accumulating around the caul and loins, pushes forward the diaphragm against the lungs. The fat also gathers round the edges of the heart and lungs, and still further diminishes the space in which the latter ought to play. Thus respiration is greatly retarded, in consequence of which the animal falls asleep. This explanation accords with the interesting experiments of Saissy, who has shown that hybernating animals decompose most when they are in a state of the greatest activity, that they respire less during autumn, as their fat accumulates, and that the respiration becomes extremely feeble at the commencement of their winter's sleep, and ceases when that sleep becomes profound. There is not continued cessation of respiration, for during the long-continued sleep of hybernating animals the lungs play slowly, several minutes often elapsing between each respiration; the diminished state of oxidation in their bodies is proved by their reduced temperature, which is generally not higher than 4° above that of the surrounding medium. In this state, they may be aptly compared to lamps slowly burning, their fat being the oil, and the lungs the wick of the lamp. If this view of hybernation be correct, very fat animals should show a disposition to sleep, and it is known that pigs in the last stage of fattening are rarely awake. Instances have occurred in which pigs, being placed in a favourable condition, have actually proved their capability of being in a state analogous to hybernation. Thus, Martell describes the case of a fat pig overwhelmed with a slip of earth; it lived 160 days without food, and diminished in weight 120 lbs."*

We can scarcely take leave of our subject without alluding to the phenomena of dreams and wakefulness, although we now leave the region of science for that of speculation. Wakefulness, more or less in degree, is the experience of every one under certain conditions, such as overwork of the brain, mental excitement, or the stimulus of tea or coffee. In certain forms of insanity this insomnia becomes protracted; and, as a result, mania passes by subsidence into dementia, because the destructive processes in the brain overpower the constructive nu-

* Dr. Lyon Playfair, p. 6.

trition, which is allowed no repose of cerebral functions to enable it to repair the wasted parts. When we work too hard or too late, all of us feel that the brain has been put into too active combustion by the increased flow of blood, so that we have not the power to quell the changes, and permit the brain to seek repose. Tossing uneasily on the bed, our efforts are to draw the blood to some other part of the brain, so as to give rest to the affected part. If our work has been such as to demand our reasoning powers, we excite the imagination, or we seek a monotonous mental occupation by counting a certain number, or go through the dreary task of reciting the list of kings and queens of England. All this is for the purpose of directing the blood-current to some other part of the brain, and to extinguish the fire which burns in the excited region. If all these efforts fail, we place our feet, and in extreme cases our whole body, in a warm bath, which, determining a flow of blood to the surface, removes it from the brain, and enables us often, with magical effect, to secure the coveted repose. Narcotics, as Harley has shown, have a wonderful effect in preventing the oxygen in the blood from transforming organic substances, and in extreme cases are used by the physician to combat cases of insomnia. Wakefulness in health is the result of excessive transformation of brain-substance, induced by the activity of mind which compels the change to enable it to manifest itself to the external world. In disease, this transformation, proceeding as a primary part of the phenomenon, induces the mental manifestations without balance or order, and results in delirium or insanity.

Dreaming appears to be simply a wakefulness of one portion of a nervous centre, while the other portions, and most probably the other centres, are in a state of sleep. Hence particular feeling or special kinds of ideas may be called into action by the transformation of one region of brain-substance, while other feelings or ideas are asleep, and are thus prevented by comparison and reflection from modifying those which are awake. Milton clearly sees this in a fine passage in which he writes of dreams when Reason is asleep:—

“ Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.”

It has already been mentioned that when a trephined animal is asleep, and appears to be disturbed by dreams, a blush starts

over certain portions of the brain. During dreaming the face usually becomes flushed, from a greater access of arterialized blood. A phlegmatic person, whose heart beats slowly and whose lungs are inactive, rarely dreams. The greatest dreamer is the man of nervous temperament, whose heart and lungs do not move with the steadiness of the pendulum of a clock. The states of dreaming may be likened to, possibly are, local states of brain-inflammation proceeding from a determination of blood to particular parts, but which, like the tissues in incipient inflammations described by Liston, “have an intrinsic power of recovery from irritation when it has not been carried beyond a certain point.” In fever, the rapidly circulating blood, propelled with unequal velocity, produces a tendency to delirious dreaming. The convulsive starts which take place in sleep, often accompanied by oppression, are perhaps occasioned not by an excess, but by a temporary deficiency of blood in the brain, produced by some obstruction arising from inconvenience of posture or other cause. Epileptic convulsions are suspected to be due to a bloodless condition of the brain, and generally arise after extensive hemorrhage; they are probably an exaggerated expression of the nocturnal starts in sleep.

Aristotle's treatise on Sleep contains many errors and some truths. Among the latter we class, though Lewes does not, his assertion that sleep is the period in which nutrition is most active. We do not understand that Aristotle limited the period of nutritive construction to sleep, but merely that then it was dominant. Undoubtedly nutrition proceeds all through the twenty-four hours—perhaps, in absolute quantity, in as great a ratio in the day as in the night. But we have explained that the manifestation of force is always accompanied by a degradation of tissue, and that, while activity continues, its waste must be at a greater rate than its reparation. If the destruction were exactly balanced by the construction, there need not arise fatigue or inability of tissues to continue their work; we see this exemplified in the heart and lungs, which have no cessation from labour, from the birth to the death of the individual. The period of repose is required for the completion of such repairs as the nutritive process, though always at work, was unable to overtake during the period of activity, and for a thorough overhauling, as it were, of the whole animal machine, so that it may be in perfect order for the next day's labour. It is this which, in the language of Shakespeare, makes life “rounded by a sleep.” Lewes

in his work on Aristotle objects to this view on the following grounds:—

"Were it true, the longest sleepers should be the strongest animals, since their repair of waste would be most effectual. Were it true, many dreadful cases of slow atrophy might be cured by opiates. Were it true, the sleepless maniacs, and men who sleep but little, would show a rapid destruction of substance. To admit that muscular and nervous tissue require intervals of repose is not equivalent to admitting that their nutrition is only, or even mainly, effected during sleep." — P. 260.

These objections do not appear to have much weight. It depends upon the activity with which nutrition is carried on in an individual, whether he may require a long or short sleep for the purposes of repair. Jeremy Taylor, John Hunter, Frederic of Prussia, Napoleon, Wellington, Humboldt, and the elder Descroizilles, could rise refreshed after two or three hours of sleep, while the average time required by mankind is eight hours. Long sleepers need not be strong men, as asserted in the above passage, even if nutrition is fairly active, for when the sleep is in excess of the requirements, as in the case of indolent and luxurious men who pass an inert life, the nutritive functions having done their work sink into abeyance, as there is no muscular or mental activity to cause further waste or to necessitate new construction. Nor would opiates in atrophy suffice to remove, though they might lessen, a disease which consists in the nutritive functions themselves being unable to fulfil their purpose. The protracted cases of wakefulness in persons afflicted with acute mania merely prove that nutrition still proceeds in that state; this no physiologist would deny, but the evidence that the destructive processes preponderate over the constructive is abund-

antly manifested by the physical and mental degeneration of the patient during the continuance of the insomnia.

We have written on the subject of sleep with a freedom which is justified by the present state of scientific inquiry. Though the mind acts through matter, the metaphysical writers on the insensative state of the mind, with the exceptions of such men as Bain, Laycock, Spencer, Maudsley, and Carpenter, dared not discuss the changes which notoriously influence its manifestations; and to say the truth, our feet have not yet crossed beyond the mere threshold of the inquiry. Birth and death are the Alpha and Omega of man's earthly existence, which begins and ends with sleep. Even the fetus in the womb of its mother reposes in a state of continued sleep, produced by the arterial blood with which it is supplied being adulterated with venous blood before it reaches the growing brain. After birth, the infant spends much of its time in the vegetative state of existence most favourable to its growth, for in its case the conditions of waste are subordinate to those of supply. In middle life these are balanced, the experience of mankind showing that one-third of an active existence is still required to keep the body in a state of repair through the constructive processes dominant during sleep. In the old man the nutritive processes of the body are less active than the causes of waste, and he therefore sleeps frequently in order to favour the action of the former. At last the destructive action seizes upon some vital organ, and the old man takes his last sleep in death. The sleep of death, from which there is no waking on this side of the grave, differs from the sleep of life by passing over existence at a period when the nutritive processes are not in a position to repair that which has been wasted.

THE MORAL OF THE PIG.

A BALLAD FOR GROWN-UP CHILDREN.

I.

O SAGES! O sages!

Whose wits are all at strife

To put in formal pages

Some settled law for life,—

Who seek in creeds concrete and clear,

By rules rotund and big,

To fix the souls of mortals, hear

The Moral of the Pig.

II.

There was a little maiden,

Reared in a City street,

A tiny and tender spirit,

With dreamy eyes and sweet;

Such seeds are scatter'd night and day

By the soft wind from heaven,

And in the poorest human clay

Have taken root and thriven.

III.

All in a bleak December,

When snow lay deep and still,

A silence took the dwelling,

The little maid fell ill;

And when the danger passed away,

With little sobs and ories

She tost and slept, or waking lay,

With open dreamy eyes.

IV.

Then all that love could measure
Was wrought to ease her lot,
And mother yearn'd to take her
To some green country foot, —
For frail she lay, with hueless cheeks
And hungry eyes apart,
In that wild mood when nature seeks
An anchor for the heart.

V.

O wan, and weak, and weary !
Feeling a cold wind blow,
Between two worlds she flutter'd,
As if in act to go.
Till suddenly the little one
Grew bright and wonder-fraught,
For to her by a neighbour's son
The little Pig was brought.

VI.

New-born, and like a baby,
With coat as soft as silk,
As tiny as a rabbit,
As fresh and white as milk;
With tiny twinkling eye, and wee
Pink ears like shells o' pearl, —
And Polly shriek'd with fun to see
His tail with such a curl.

VII.

O all the sweets of nature
Came running to the room, —
'Twas like a rush of west wind
Fresh from beds of bloom.
What need of country dales and dells
To make her strong and big ?
The soul that makes the buds and bells
Had enter'd with the Pig.

VIII.

Then all the soul of Polly,
After the bright surprise,
Was bent to rear the stranger,
And make it clean and wise;
" And I will make it beautiful,
And wash it every day,
And it shall follow me to school,
And join me when I play."

IX.

She wash'd its white skin daily,
With water and with soap,
It learnt to know and love her,
And answered all her hope;
She eased her heart with tender care,
She brighten'd day by day, —
For a sweet wind from heaven was there
To blow her cares away !

X.

O sages ! O sages !
I hear you say enough,
You ransack all the ages,
And scorn such silly stuff;

Yet not the less into that place
The Pig brought wonders fair,
Made all earth green, and Polly's face
Sweet as with country air.

XI.

Yet human bliss fades quickly,
Life's curse was on the Pig,
The more the kind hand nursed it,
It fatten'd and grew big;
Its feet went heavier in and out,
Its face grew double-chin'd, —
It tried to follow her about,
But soon grew short of wind.

XII.

Then it became full certain
The Pig must have a sty,
And for the sake of Polly,
They built it one hard by;
And there the pig grew gross and fat,
Fell back on piggish ways, —
Yet in the sty the maiden sate,
And played with it for days.

XIII.

Alas ! for human wishes,
Life's shadow reached the place, —
The pig grew piggish temper'd,
Forgetting Polly's face;
And soon so gross and great he grew,
So full of piggish strife,
A dreadful man in apron blue
Was called to take his life.

XIV.

Ah ! bitterly wept Polly,
For many and many a day,
The light, the sense of nature,
Sicken'd and slipt away;
The light that made her nature grow
Fled from the sunless street, —
The wind from heaven ceased to blow
That made her soul so sweet.

XV.

O sages ! O sages !
There is a moral deep,
Your scientific pages
Have made the simple weep, —
Beware to make our joys too bare,
Our faith too fixed and clear,
Lest, for the play of light and air,
You give us Pigs to rear.

XVI.

O sages ! O sages !
The moral is for ye.
Go, ransack all the ages,
And let us wander free; —
But if at last in ecstasy
You fix your doctrines big,
And bring your new-born certainty, —
Be sure 'tis not a Pig.

Spectator.

From The London Review, 30 May.

THE GERMAN CUSTOMS PARLIAMENT.

THE Customs Parliament, which closed on Saturday at Berlin, has evinced the existence of considerable differences between the North and South German representatives, yet it may be regarded on the whole as a success. It was another step towards that union of all Germany in one Teutonic Empire which Prussia has made so many efforts to effect, and which in the end she is certain to realize, to the aggrandisement of her own dynasty, and the glorification of her own people. It was a still further defiance to France, who has accordingly looked with great jealousy on the deliberations of the assembled members; and indeed it must be confessed that it was, in spirit, a kind of evasion of the undertaking given at the conclusion of peace in 1866, that the new German Confederation should not extend south of the Maine. The Customs Parliament was a Federation for commercial and financial purposes only; but it is clear that Prussia has got in the thin end of the wedge for breaking up the restrictions of the treaty of Prague, and that she intends to split them into fragments as soon as she finds an opportunity. The King, who closed the Parliament with a speech from the Throne, took a hopeful view of the work of the session. He spoke of a "conscientious respect for treaties," but it was evident that he contemplated the Customs Parliament as a means of advancing the great end of German unity. He referred to "the rights" intrusted to him as "a sacred deposit placed in his keeping by the German nation and its sovereigns, and one that he should maintain and turn to account." And Count Bismarck, in addressing the guests at a banquet given to the deputies by several leading members of the mercantile community, spoke still more significantly. "As regards myself," he said, "permit me to bid our South German brethren farewell. The short time of our being associated has vanished like a spring day; may it bear fruit like the blossoms of spring! I believe that our South German brethren, having worked with us for the common good, will carry home with them the conviction that they leave friends and well-affected relations in these Northern regions, ready and willing to stand by them in any emergency. I hope that each repetition of our sittings will strengthen the feeling of intimate connection existing between the different parts of Germany. Let us cultivate these mutual relations. Let us abide by them." In a yet bolder strain than this, Prince Hohenlohe, the Bavarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the repre-

sentative man among the South Germans, affirmed that North and South were "in a fair way of strengthening the bonds which unite them, and that the Customs Parliament had paved the way for the fulfilment of the national hopes and of "the intellectual mission" of Germany, which, he said, was "a higher, nobler, and more glorious mission than that of any other nation in the world." Animated by these sentiments, and perhaps in some degree also by the Rhine wine which had been freely circulating for a long time before, he begged to propose "The Unity of Germany;" and this was received with such an outburst of applause as to leave no doubt as to the direction of the company's sympathies. These are non-official utterances, but they are important for all that. They show the beat of the national pulse, and they reveal what the leaders of North and South are thinking of behind the mask of diplomatic reserve. Prussia is determined on the creation of a vast German Empire, and the Customs Parliament is helping to prepare the way. Of this there can be no doubt, and it would be affectation to conceal it. The policy of Bismarck has scored another trick, and that of Louis Napoleon has to count a further loss.

There have been considerable differences of opinion, however, between the Northern and Southern deputies on several financial questions, and on some points the latter have defeated the intentions of the former. They contributed to the rejection of the address, the discussion of which seemed to them fraught with inconvenient results, besides giving to the Parliament a character distinct from that which was originally contemplated; and they succeeded in reducing the proposed taxes on tobacco and petroleum from 2,300,000 thalers to 450,000 thalers. The treaty of commerce with Austria was opposed by a minority of the South Germans, but unsuccessfully; and in other respects the delegates from the countries lying outside the new Confederation have shown that they are well disposed towards the maintenance of an independent policy. A certain number of these deputies have issued an address to their constituents, giving an account of the course pursued by the party during the sittings which have just closed. In this document they say:—"We have again recognised that entrance into the North German Confederation would promote neither the union of the collective nation, nor the constitutional liberty, nor the special interests, of South Germany; but that, on the contrary, in view of the North German constitution, the further preserva-

tion of the independence of the South German States is in all respects advisable. The overwhelming furtherance of military objects, in especial, in the Northern Confederation, restricts the promotion of moral and material interests, and, without financially relieving the Prussian people, leads to increased burdens upon its allies. As the necessary consequence of Prussia's traditional policy, this increase will be permanent." The deputies see only one way in which the independence of the South can be maintained—viz., by the adoption of a decidedly Liberal policy, and by a firm association of the South German States. They consider it requisite for those States to renounce their habits of isolation, to agree on some common action, especially as regards the military protection of the South, to make their influence felt within the sphere of the Zollverein, and to forward useful reforms. The union of the South Germans, they are careful to point out, has no hostile bearing towards any other part of the common country. It will rather aid in the energetic fulfilment of the treaty duties of the South towards the North, without exposing the former "to the danger of absorption in Prussia," while it will at the same time conciliate the Great Powers, and conduce to the peace of Europe. So far, the authors of the circular seem to be protesting against the designs of Prussia; yet the document concludes with the expression of an opinion that the close connection of the South German States appears to be, at present, the only path which, "while avoiding seriously threatening dangers," is capable of leading the nation "to the final object of a free and united Germany." This, then, is the burden of North and South alike.

That the idea of German unity has made great progress during the last two years is evident. France is jealously uneasy at this; yet it is certain that the short-sighted policy of the French Government at the period of the Austro-Prussian war, and for some time afterwards, has largely contributed to the result. The South was at first sullenly distrustful of the North; but the design which France was suspected (whether rightly or wrongly) to entertain—the design of forcibly preventing the cohesion of the Teutonic race, and perhaps of undoing the effect of the Prussian victories—roused a spirit throughout the whole country, which soon bore fruit in the conclusion of military treaties between Prussia and some of the South German States, and afterwards in the sitting of the Customs Parliament. It is doubtful whether Austria herself is now greatly disinclined to the gradual enlargement of the North-German

Confederation until it includes the whole of the Teutonic nationalities. Austria is apparently beginning to perceive, what others have perceived long ago, that her true strength lies in a south-easterly direction, and in the rearing up of a great Slavonic Empire on the banks of the Danube, which might in the future be the friendly ally of a great German Empire, and in no hostile sense its rival. In the opinion of but too many leading French politicians, the creation of a solid German Power means danger and degradation to France; and certainly the Prussians, with that harsh and repellant manner which seems to be inseparable from everything they do, have made their successes as offensive to the French as they possibly could. By their speeches, their writings, their boastings, their insults, their policy on the Luxembourg question, their immense military preparations, and their concentration of troops near the French frontiers, they have contrived to give their justifiable and praiseworthy efforts after national unity the appearance of a menace to France. In fact, France and Prussia seem for the last two years to have agreed in nothing but in the determination to be mutually irritating. This stupid error—for which both parties must bear their share of blame—has kept all Europe in a state of apprehension for many months, and the uneasiness continues even yet. The *Constitutionnel*, commenting on the speech of the King of Prussia at the close of the Customs Parliament, says that his Majesty's remarks were "animated by a spirit far superior to the narrow-mindedness which was apparent in the debates." *Le Temps*, however, is of a contrary opinion, and thinks that the King is bent on disregarding the provisions of the treaty of Prague, and on advancing the unity of Germany under Prussian dominion at any cost. We are not inclined to take an alarmist view of the question. Some of our papers have, we think, adopted a very mischievous and unfair policy in constantly prophesying that France means to go to war in a few months' or a few weeks' time, and in repeatedly altering the date, as again and again their forecastings have proved to be wrong. But, if France is really resolved on disputing the question of European preponderance with Prussia, she may undoubtedly find a pretext in the virtual breach by the latter of the understanding with respect to the line of the Maine. It is both foolish and wrong of France to desire to oppose the development of the German nation on their own soil; but, if she chooses to pick a quarrel, Prussia has certainly provided the opportunity.

CHAPTER XXI.

A PROGRAMME.

THAT year we enjoyed a singularly fine autumn, with but little mist or moisture; consequently it was a healthy season, and the resources of our little hospital were not prematurely tried. Also, it furthered the speedy and satisfactory completion of the Refuge orphan rooms, which were at last put in perfect readiness for any who might need them during the coming months. Over these things Ruth and I had many a quiet chat in the dusky twilight of our parlour, and we thanked God we had not quite done with the world, however the world had done with us. When I say "world," reader, I do not mean that narrow crust of society which is often implied thereby. I mean God's whole creation, "the earth and the fulness thereof."

Nevertheless we were rather lonely that autumn. We saw nothing of Mr. Weston after our memorable interview in the meadows. He did not come again to St. Cross, but in the course of some incidental conversation, I heard with regret that he had been seen at the Puseyite church at Hopleigh. But it was still early in October when Mr. Marten paid us an afternoon call, and promptly accepted our invitation to tea. And though he stated he had a little difficulty which he wished to discuss with us, he looked so flourishing and content, that it was very plain the "difficulty" gave him no undue disturbance. Indeed, it proved to be only a feeling on his part that it was the duty of the leaders in the parish in some way to direct their juniors' evening occupations and amusements during the coming winter.

"In short," he went on, "if St. Cross is to maintain its ground, we must certainly do something. The Hopleigh people are very energetic in this matter. They have established a series of lectures, penny readings, etc., varied with entertainments, and *sourees*, and concerts. Besides these, they have opened classes, presenting a very attractive course of study for almost nominal fees."

Just then I happened to glance at Ruth behind the tea-urn, and I saw a storm gathering in her face. When Mr. Marten ceased, there was an ominous pause. Then Ruth said, grimly—

"If you give children sugar-plums every day, they are never a treat, and they spoil their teeth into the bargain. That's a figure of speech for you, Mr. Marten."

"Why, Miss Garrett," exclaimed the

rector, "surely you don't disapprove of innocent and improving recreations?"

"I disapprove of 'gadding about,'" she answered, severely. "I disapprove of everything which makes folks at home when they are out, and strangers when they are at home. In short, I disapprove of dissipation, whatever mask it may wear."

"I hope you don't see things in this light, sir," said Mr. Marten, turning to me.

"Not altogether," I replied, "but I am a slow person, and I weigh matters very leisurely."

"I wonder what had become of my business if I had taken to lectures, and classes, and so forth!" exclaimed my sister.

"Ruth, Ruth," I said gently, "remember that we must not carry our personalities too far in these affairs."

"Well, it's one way of getting at a bit of truth," she returned, "and I always fear to advise others to do what I never did myself. It's like holding out a cup and saying, 'I know that would poison me, but I think it will be good medicine for you.'"

"You must remember, Miss Garrett," said the rector, "that some homes are not very attractive. Think of the many one-roomed homes, with few books and no intelligent conversation."

"Mr. Marten, Mr. Marten," I repeated warningly, "has that good song gone out of fashion,—

'Be it ever so homely,
There's no place like home?'

But at the same time I willingly grant that home is often all the dearer for short absences, even as such short absences are more enjoyable for sake of the dear home where they will end."

"And again," Mr. Marten went on, inclining his head in acknowledgment of my words, "there are many young people who are utterly homeless."

"That is true," said Ruth, "but for the sake of the future they should be encouraged as much as possible to form homely habits. If bachelors or spinsters cannot settle to books or work in their lonely rooms, I fear they will fret at the stay-at-home ways of comfortable matrimony, when once its novelty has worn off."

"Well, I'm sorry to find you see another side to this matter," observed the rector; "for to me these evening lectures and classes seemed such a splendid means for mental improvement and moral elevation."

"Can you give us any details of the Hopleigh programme?" I inquired; "for until one knows all, one may differ about theories rather than facts."

"Oh, I can tell you all about it," he responded, briskly, tugging at his pocket. "See! I came armed with all necessary documents!" and he produced sundry printed bills, and spread them out on the table.

"Take one by one, and read each aloud, please," requested Ruth, suddenly shifting her knitting needles and beginning another row.

I have a strange notion that my sister's knitting is to her strength of mind something like Samson's hair to his bodily prowess. Whenever we two are in argument, I have a wild wish to snatch that mysterious web from her agile fingers. Besides, its very continuance daunts one with the reproach—"Behold, in spite of all your idle clatter, these needles go on, and so does the world!"

"Which shall I take first?" queried the rector. "There are a prospectus of the classes, a programme of the lectures, and a list of the discussions."

"Read whichever you like," said I.

"Then I'll read the paper of the classes," he answered; and so began the sheet with its very heading:—

"Hopleigh College. Under this name, it is proposed to establish a course of evening classes. The subjects chosen, with the names of the gentlemen who have kindly undertaken to teach them, will recommend themselves. Monday, Latin and English Composition (by Mr. Senecca Moon); Tuesday, French (by M. Vert); Wednesday, Elementary Singing; Thursday, Writing and Arithmetic (by Mr. Senecca Moon); Friday, Reading and Elocution (by Mr. O'Toole); Saturday, Advanced Singing. Hours from eight to ten o'clock. Fee for one class, two shillings each month; for the whole course, eight shillings. Entrance fee, one shilling. Intending members are invited to enrol as soon as possible. Under the especial patronage of the Rev. Ambrose Angelo, Rector of S. Cyprian, Hopleigh."

"You see, Miss Garrett," the rector commented, when he had finished, "this is not even innocent recreation, but improving study."

"I doubt whether it is either 'improving' or 'study,'" she answered, taking up his words a little tartly. "I suppose girls are included in these classes. I wonder if the clergyman would like his own daughter to run through the streets after nightfall in that way."

"A distinction must be made between certain ranks, madam," returned Mr. Marten, rather stiffly.

"That is what I always say!" assented Ruth. "But let the distinction be in acquirements rather than in manners or morals!"

"But some of these classes go to the very rudiments of education," pursued the rector: "reading, for instance, and writing and arithmetic. If by some evil chance these were neglected in childhood, would you suffer the girl or boy to go on in ignorance, Miss Garrett?"

She answered thoughtfully, "No: reading and writing are almost like two extra senses. They are worth some sacrifice. But what poor servant girl, sensible in spite of her ignorance, would venture to 'Hopleigh College?' And would she study A B C in the first hour, and then learn how to spout 'My name is Norval' during the remainder of the time? And would she be much at ease in the society of the smart shop-girls, who would come to practise rant, and who would attend the French and Latin classes on the other evenings?"

"But I think these institutions are really for the benefit of a higher class than common servants or ploughboys," said Mr. Marten, "and for such how serviceable is French, and how useful the power of writing a correct letter!"

"Thorough French is a valuable acquirement," returned Ruth, "and a good letter is a sure sign of a sound education. But mere 'lingo' is ridiculous, and a 'phrase' epistle is an abomination. Perhaps you will add, that even superficial French may be useful in business; but if poor M. Vert is willing to teach it for two shillings a month, can the scholars expect to make it more profitable than the master?"

"But M. Vert, who is a working professor, would not teach at that rate, except for a consolation-fee from the committee," explained the rector.

"I hate that false method of cheapening good things," answered my sister. "If an acquirement be worth anything, it is worth its price, and let those who desire it, deny themselves to pay that price. All who can derive advantage from it will readily do so. Those who want pearls dive for them, and shall others take them to throw before swine?"

There was a pause. Then I inquired what were the other arrangements.

"They have a fortnightly lecture," replied Mr. Marten, taking up another paper. "The Rev. Ambrose Angelo will deliver one on Ecclesiastical History; and Mr. Senecca Moon, the principal of Hopleigh Academy, will give another on Meteorology. On two evenings there will be Read-

ings from Popular Authors by various gentlemen, among them, Mr. Daniel O'Toole, and Mr. Smith—["Rather vague," murmured Ruth]. And on Christmas-eve there will be a vocal and instrumental concert, for which, the bill says, "many ladies and gentlemen have promised assistance."

"I think the lectures are too dry," I said; "and they are certainly subjects of which 'a little knowledge' is very useless."

"But how nice to hear about a word which ordinary folk cannot pronounce!" observed Ruth, ironically, laying down her knitting, and taking a book from the little bracket which always stood on her work-table. "Met-e-o-ro-lo-gy," she repeated, turning over the leaves. "Dear me! I fear Dr. Johnson's ideas on the subject were nearly as misty as mine; for he only defines it as 'the doctrine of meteors.'"

"But I must say I like the 'Readings from Popular Authors,' I remarked. "In themselves they are amusing, and they are well calculated to awaken a desire for further information."

"That is quite true," said my sister; "but they should only be entrusted to people whose age and position qualify them for the teacher's desk. Otherwise the parish school-room simply becomes the scene of bad amateur theatricals."

"Then what do you say to the concert?" inquired Mr. Marten.

I answered—"Only this: that men are always too ready to speak lightly of those women who, having real musical gifts, display them for hire to maintain themselves and their dependents. The gift may stir in their souls, the remuneration may mean home and household happiness, but the audience listens and applauds and slights. It is not right! Publicity is a dire necessity to those women—the dark side of their profession, which must be accepted with the bright one. But what of girls who, without their gifts and unneeding their pay, court the common eye and the common clap? Sir, I belong to the old-fashioned days, when a woman's pretty accomplishments were kept for those who loved her, and when a young lassie, safe and happy in the retreat of her father's house, would have blushed to see her name printed in bills and stuck up on walls and shop-windows."

"And the old-fashioned notions were certainly right," said my sister, with a little sigh; "but in spite of them all, there were young girls and young girls then as now! Yet need we meddle with what we cannot mend?"

"We only criticise these matters to guide

our own actions," I answered. "Have you any more announcements, Mr. Marten?"

"There is also a discussion class," he replied with a slight hesitation. "The paper says it is held in the boys' schoolroom at Hopleigh, every Friday evening at eight o'clock, and it announces the four discussions for the month of November. The first will be opened by your friend Mr. Weston, of Mallowe, the subject being, 'Is not the single state most conducive to happiness?'"

Ruth and I both looked up in such startled amazement, that it might almost have betrayed the confidence the young man had reposed in us.

"Can any one attend these discussions?" my sister asked, quietly.

"Oh, certainly," returned the rector; "and the other subjects are, 'Was Robert Emmett a patriot?' opened by Mr. O'Toole; 'The advantages of Co-operation,' by Mr. Smith."

"The exciseman, I suppose?" queried Ruth.

"I believe so," said Mr. Marten, "and the Rev. Ambrose Angelo closes the list with the knotty question, 'Is the Protestant church a Catholic church?'"

"And now," I remarked, "we must come to the point, and consider what part of this intellectual machinery we can best adapt to St. Cross."

"Don't have any 'discussions,'" said my sister, shaking her head, "they only encourage a parcel of foolish boys to spout nonsense, which they will wish forgotten when they are grown older and wiser."

"I cannot say I like them," assented the rector, "for I think they only give occasion to a certain order of minds to display their powers by triumphantly making the worst appear the better cause."

"We will put them out of the question," I said, "and let us reflect what we can do in the way of evening classes."

"Let us have two," rejoined my sister, "one for youths, and one for young women; and let the instruction be confined to reading, writing, and simple arithmetic, and let each class meet twice weekly. It is hopeless to teach Reading by one lesson a-week."

"I am sure I shall be very happy to take one class," said Mr. Marten.

"That would be a mistake," answered Ruth. "Your attentions would be voluntary, and you would either demand no fee, or the fees would be devoted to some parochial use. Now honest young people don't like to be recipients of charity. Besides, amateur teaching, like everything that is amateur, is none of the best. Let some-

body be paid to teach, or, better still, let him receive the fees, and it will become his interest to make the classes as attractive and serviceable as possible."

"It must be a low nature that would not do so without such stimulus," observed Mr. Marten.

"Ah, but we must not ignore the natural propensity towards evil," said my sister; "and I don't see there is any wrong in making the right easy and pleasant. For which reason, I will promise a prize for the best girl-scholar. And it shall be no sham prize either."

"And I'll promise one for the best boy," I added; "and now what shall we do about the lectures?"

"In the first place, don't have them too often," said my sister. "It only destroys their interest, and all home-comfort into the bargain."

"Let us have them but once a month," I said, "and let them be genuine 'recreations.' I don't think that poor tired heads are benefited by hearing dates and statistics. Mine never was. Let us have something to draw out blithe, honest, innocent laughter, which leaves the heart larger than it found it. Let us have tears sometimes, those sympathetic tears which are the best cure for our own unspoken sorrows. In short, let us be as *human* as possible."

"And shall we never have a concert?" queried the rector, rather regretfully; "and music is so popular!"

"And such an agent for good," I rejoined, warmly; "though I don't think any of God's blessings is so fearfully perverted. The exercise of that gift which we specially connect with the glories of heaven, but too often becomes a temptation to vanity, and frivolity, and worse!"

"Ah," said Ruth, "I went to a village concert once, and I saw the singer girls sitting in a row in their best dresses, which were too fine for their owners' pockets, and in one or two cases, not very modest in taste. And when I heard the village audience—their little world—whispering of the beauty of this one, and the dress of the other, and the voice of a third, I could not forget the old saying, that a 'woman's true honour was, not to be spoken about!'"

"Then let us always have singing at the lectures," I said, "just as we have at church. Let us take some familiar airs, such as 'Rule, Britannia,' 'Auld lang-syne,' and so forth, and sing them in the course of the evening, the assembly standing, and all who can, joining."

"Ah," said Ruth, "I think that might give a greater love and taste for music than

a few young people on a platform practising airs and graces, and striking up, 'In Celia's Arbour,' and so on, which means nothing at all to ignorant people like me, who listen with our hearts instead of our ears."

"And then we can always conclude with the dear old doxology," I remarked.

"But may not that seem rather irreverent sometimes?" queried my sister.

"Never!" I replied, "if we have been merry, we shall sing,—

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,'

and include our mirth and laughter among those blessings. The same apostle who asks, 'Is any among you afflicted? let him pray,' adds, 'Is any merry? let him sing psalms.'"

There was a short silence, which Ruth broke by saying,—

"Edward, at Christmas time, let us have a genuine party; not a tea-meeting, nor a *soirée*, but a thorough old-fashioned hospitable party, with games and forfeits, and music, and all good cheer. We have no room in this house sufficiently large, or I should like it to be in a private dwelling, even better than in the great room of the Refuge. But I fancy Mr. Herbert could be brought to favour that scheme, and his noble dining-room would be the right place."

"At any rate, we can ask him," I said; "and then, if he will not consent, we can but take refuge in the Refuge;" and I laughed at my own little joke.

"And are you quite satisfied with all these plans, Mr. Marten?" I inquired presently; "I almost fear that you think them too homely and simple."

"No," he answered, starting from a reverie into which he had fallen, "for I was just thinking that when we clergymen enter upon our duties, fresh from collegiate cloisters, we are too apt to forget the claims of home, and to ignore the heavenward end of secular duties, and I fear many of my brethren persevere in this mistake to the very end. They do not realise that they are only set aside for a special purpose, and so they constantly strive to draw people from their own line of work and study into theirs."

"Yes," returned Ruth, "and even more, they often seem to forget that God made the world, and so speak of his appointments as if they were hindrances on the road to Him. They literally say, with Thomas à Kempis (hand me his book, Edward), 'O that thou mightest never have need to eat, or drink, or sleep: but mightest always praise God, and only employ thyself in spiritual exercises: thou shouldst then be

much more happy than now thou art, when for so many necessities thou art constrained to serve thy body.' And the good man constantly repeats that mistake in his otherwise beautiful, 'Imitation of Christ,' forgetting that He worked in the carpenter's shop, and went to the marriage feast, and wept at Lazarus's grave. How different to the Scripture precept, 'Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God!' The one comes to us like a draught from a cathedral crypt, and the other like a breeze from the hills!"

And so our long consultation drew to an end, and when the rector had departed, and we had drawn our chairs close together to partake of our cosy little supper, Ruth gave me a sly side glance, and said—

"We will both be present when Mr. Weston opens that wonderful discussion!"

CHAPTER XXII.

COMING EVENTS AND SHADOWS BEFORE.

RUTH looked eagerly forward to the display of Mr. Weston's oratory, wondering what he would say, and how he would look when he saw us. It seemed but a little thing, but we knew it concerned the futures of two, whose welfare we desired, and besides we had now reached that happy resting-place when the feelings are only stirred by the interests of others. And so I was quite ready to echo my sister's expectations and conjectures.

But our sympathies and counsels were destined to be evoked in other directions besides. About noon on the day of the discussion, Agnes Herbert paid us a visit. I saw her cross the garden at a brisk pace, and when Phillis admitted her, her step in the hall was less noiseless, and her voice higher than usual. In short, her whole aspect had brightened, and the very expression of her face went far to fulfil the prophecy which the flickering firelight had revealed to me a year before. She had donned her winter garments, and her bonnet was enlivened by a ribbon of pure scarlet, in place of the sombre mixtures which she had hitherto affected. Altogether she was as much changed from her former self, as is a darkened room when the curtains are suddenly drawn aside to admit the sunshine.

And yet she was the bearer of uncomfortable tidings, with the misery of which she strongly sympathised. But there was the difference. At an earlier date, her sympathy would have been true, but listless—the sympathy which sits down by the sufferer, and says, "It is a weary world—let us endure together." Now it was aroused and

active, busily inquiring, "What can be done?"

The evil was nothing more nor less than Anne Sanders, and the misfortune was that the young stranger, who had taken Bessie's place, had called at the hospital, complaining that she must resign her position: she found the business good, and the house comfortable, but the housekeeper was like the fly in the ointment, which spoiled all. She could not enter into Anne's shortcomings; they were of that almost indefinite kind which pervade life, and make it unendurable, without leaving behind any distinct mark.

Agnes had also visited the hospital, and had found Bessie in great trouble about this disturbing communication. Bessie seemed to have placed much confidence in our pretty friend. Perhaps she preferred to open her mind to a young creature of whose sympathy she was sure, yet who could not fancy she claimed more than sympathy. Doubtless it soothed her lonely heart to let her memory wander back to those earlier days when her kindred was not centred in the narrow, selfish sister, who could neither love nor be loved. For she had evidently spoken to Agnes of the dead Katie and her unhappy lover, and of all the pleasant budding hopes which had once promised fairly to bloom into realities. As Miss Herbert repeated the sorrows of Bessie Sanders, I could see her feelings were touched, and there was earnest solicitude in her question.

"What can be done?"

"Does Miss Sanders suggest anything?" I inquired, in return.

Agnes looked up deprecatingly. "She says it will be her duty to go back to Anne, as of course Anne cannot be received at the hospital," she answered. "But oh, Mr. Garrett, do you think it can be God's will that any one should submit for ever to the ceaseless tyranny of an evil nature?"

"Whatever Mr. Garrett may think, Miss Garrett does not think so," replied Ruth; "and besides, Anne is not benefited by Bessie's sacrifice. When kindness fails, severity may succeed. Let her leave Bessie's successor in undisturbed possession, and go into some lodging in the village, until she can find a suitable position."

"Will she ever do so?" I queried, shaking my head.

"I don't know," answered my sister. "But that scheme will certainly gain us a little time; and very often the world comes round to those who will but wait."

"Yes, I think it does," said Agnes, with a bright glance, like that of one suddenly assenting in the solution of an old problem.

"I will put on my bonnet and shawl, and go about the matter directly," remarked my energetic sister. "I won't ask you to come with me, Agnes, for that miserable woman is likely to put one out of patience with human nature, and you are young, and must endure it for a long time."

And so Miss Herbert and I were left together. The newspaper was on the table, and I took it up and started some topic of public interest. I forget what it was, but it was something about which I held peculiar notions, and I began to explain them, meantime holding up the paper, and interspersing my oration with sundry sentences therein, which I thought to agree with my views. I talked on with great animation, till I made some observation which called for an answer. Then I paused; but none came. I dropped the paper. Agnes sat opposite me, her scarlet strings untied, and her hands, loosely holding her gloves, lying in her lap. But her thoughts were not with me and my politics, for her lips were parted with a soft, slight smile, and her eyes had the far-off look of young eyes when they gaze into the future, and fancy they catch glimpses of angels walking in its mists. But the rustling paper recalled her to the present, and she hastily tried to take up the broken thread of my discourse. But where it had fallen, there I let it lie; and so there was silence.

Suddenly she rose and came towards me, and stood beside my chair. Then she paused, and I did not look at her till she whispered in a very girlish voice—

"Mr. Garrett, you are not angry?"

"Angry, my dear!" I exclaimed; "am I such a cantankerous old stick that you imagine anger is my natural condition?"

"No, sir," she answered, with a little laugh. "But I was so rude a minute ago, and I can't excuse myself, for I was only thinking about my own affairs!"

"Well, my dear," I replied, "and if you would talk about them, and let me have a share in them, I'm sure I would not trouble you with the leading articles."

"I want to ask your advice and help," she said, with downcast eyes.

"O-ho," thought I, "must the old bachelor intercede with the stern uncle?" But I merely said, "I can only say, Miss Herbert, that you are heartily welcome to the best I can give."

She went back to her seat, as if to gain a moment to choose her words. I was all attention. And this was what she said—

"I should like my father's best writings to be collected and made into a small volume."

I had expected something very different; but I bowed my head, and assented. "A very dutiful wish, my dear. And have you any hope of its fulfilment?"

"I have gone very carefully through his pieces," she said, "and I have selected the best. You see I remember his opinions of them," she added, as if excusing her temerity, "and I have made copies of them, embracing alterations which he wrote on their margins, and I have added two or three which remained unpublished when he died. I think they will make a very nice book. But I should not like to send it to a publisher without somebody else seeing it. Will you look over it, Mr. Garrett?" and opening a little leathern reticule, she produced the manuscript, and handed it to me.

It was of considerable size, and the writing was not of that deceptive, scrawling kind which spreads two or three words over a page. It was firm, compact calligraphy, not as characteristic as Ewen McCallum's, but as easy to read as print. I have a respect for good writing, by which I mean plain writing. Illegible scribble is selfish and rude, implying that the reader's time is less valuable than the writer's. In literary matters, I cannot but think plain writing must be advantageous; for even editors are human; and the man who can wade through a manuscript novel when he must pore over every word, need be above the frailties to which ordinary flesh is liable.

"Have you spoken to Mr. Herbert about your wish to publish this?" I inquired.

"Yes," she answered.

"And he consents?" I queried.

"He leaves me at liberty to do so," she replied: her conscientious nature drawing a distinction between consent and mere permission.

"You will pass the day with us, my dear?" I said.

"Uncle said I might," she returned; and thus she accepted my invitation, and put aside her bonnet and mantle. I continued to look over the manuscript, and when next I glanced at my fair companion, she was seated in the easy chair, busily employed in—what? Darning stockings! I think my head gave a little involuntary shake. There was a change in the girl—a change which made her think of housewifery and practical life. God bless her! What jumps my heart always gave whenever Lucy Weston talked of what she would do if she became the mistress of a house! But Agnes Herbert is not like Lucy. Her nature is perhaps stronger, but she is not half as sweet.

"You wish to be paid for this book, I

suppose," I said, still turning over its leaves.

"Oh yes," she answered, decidedly; "and it will be as money left me by my father,—the nest-egg of my fortunes, sir;" and she laughed, but not quite merrily; and neither of us spoke again until Ruth came back.

"I have settled it all," exclaimed my sister, as she came in; "and Anne Sanders is fairly lodged in a room in the High Street, where she can disgrace nobody but herself. The young dressmaker helped her to pack up her belongings, and she parted from her quite kindly, just because she was so glad to part from her! And such a mess as her things were, I never saw. There were good lace collars run to rags for want of a stitch; and cuffs, and mantles, and bonnets all suffered to lie useless, because she was too idle to alter and re-model. Oh, I spoke to her! 'You'll be sorry for your life when it's too late!' I said. 'What have I done?' she cried out. 'What have I done?' 'Miss Anne Sanders,' I answered, 'you have done *nothing*: and that is your crime; for whoever does nothing, does evil; and I wish you were a little child, that I might give you a whipping!'"

And my sister dropped into a chair in an exhausted way quite uncommon for her, and then drew a long breath, like one who has just gone through unusual and straining exertion.

But the minute she sat down, her quick eye observed Agnes' work. "I'm glad to see you so well employed, my dear," she said; "and are you a good darning? Let me see? Yes. And do you like it?"

"I don't always like it," answered Agnes; "but just now I do."

"Then you should always like it," retorted Ruth. "Don't form the habit of whims, and fits, and starts. When you like your duty, praise God for the blessing; and when you don't like it, pray God for his help. Anyhow, do it all the same."

"But can we always be sure what is our duty?" asked Agnes, very softly, while a faint shadow crept over her face.

"I won't deny there are some puzzling cases," returned Ruth; "but we needn't vex ourselves about them until we've done the little bit that is quite plain before us, and few of us get through that. And what are you reading, Edward?" she inquired. "Poetry? In Miss Herbert's writing? Child," she asked, severely, "surely you don't write poetry?"

"No, indeed," said Agnes, laughing. "It is my father's."

"Ah, I'm glad it's not yours," answered Ruth, taking the book from me. "If a woman lives poetry, that is quite enough. If she write it, I fear lest it evaporate at her fingers' ends. Thank God you're not a genius, Agnes; but don't thank Him in the Pharisee's fashion. Genius is God's great gift; but too often it is over-heavy for a woman's hand."

I fear Agnes had a somewhat quiet day, but I don't suppose she regretted our silence, since we were absorbed in her father's writings. Generally, when a tale or a poem touched either of us, it was handed to the other, and perused in silence, and then commented on. But once, Ruth raised her head, and said—

"Edward, listen;" and so she read:—

"NOT WITHOUT HOPE."

They say you are not as you were
In days of long ago:
That clouds came o'er your sun at noon,
And dimmed its golden glow.

Yet every gentler word I say,
Each gentler deed I do,
Is but a blossom on the grave
Where sleeps my love for you.

And can a weed bring forth a flower?
Or blight bear beauty? Nay,
This darkness is but short eclipse
To surely pass away.

Though one by one my early friends
Have faded from my prayer,
Your name was always first and last,
And still it lingers there.

I love but dearer for my fears,
And prayers for such an one:
I think God does not love us less
For costing Him his Son.

And I believe when death shall break
This spell of human pain,
The love that I to God entrust
He'll give to me again.

"There!" said Ruth, with a swell of suppressed emotion in her voice. "Nothing can improve *that*, Edward."

So I thought then. I have read it since, and not cared for it at all, except for the memory of my first impression. But my sister's reading put a soul into the dry bones,—yea, her own soul, for was it not the story of her life?

"I remember when my father wrote it," said Agnes thoughtfully: "I was but a little girl, and I thought it must be quite true. And when my hour came—my hour was between the sunlight and the candles,—I asked him who it meant;

surely not mamma, for he had always told me she was safe in heaven, waiting for us. And then he first explained to me that genius must rise beyond and above its own experience,—must let itself out of itself, and alike comprehend the calm of a saint's heart, and the tortures of a malefactor's conscience. In short, he taught me that the power to do thus is genius itself. But he added, he did not believe even genius could catch the secrets of a character above itself, and that a man's loftiest conception revealed the highest possibility of his own nature. He might degrade it, but it was still in him,—his ideal,—the image of God as reflected in the mirror of the individual soul. I did not understand him then, and I fancy he only spoke to clear his own thoughts from misty silence. But I remembered his words, and I think I understand them now. And I think they are true."

"I think so," I replied, "and if so, then the higher a man's best conception, the wider the range below it. And thus he who gives us Brutus, gives us also Bardolph."

"Of course," said Ruth, "or a man's mind would be like Isaac Newton's door, with a large hole for the cat, and a small one for the kitten."

There was a moment's pause. Then Agnes said, "Ewen McCallum will be a great man."

"I believe so," I answered.

"But what makes you say it?" queried Ruth.

"Because he has the greatness which makes a man great even following the plough," she replied, with flushing face and quivering lips, "and then he has genius to be the voice of that greatness. Some great souls are dumb, and only God can understand their signs!"

"Has your London friend, to whom he carried your letter, made any acquaintance with him?" I inquired.

"That is how I learn to praise him!" she returned. "I hear enough—enough—to make me speak as I do, but—they—say there is something beyond—something I must not know, which eclipses all I may know. And from what I do know, I can believe him equal to anything."

She spoke with some excitement, which betrayed itself in the reiteration of her words. Then with great energy she resumed her darning. Glancing at Ruth, I saw she was gazing at Agnes. She too could see the change in the girl—a change which, as the day wore on, grew more manifold. There was no further outburst of the enthusiasm pent within her, but her mind, her whole nature was awake. She fore-

stalled my sister's movements; she asked the recipe for a pudding which appeared on our dinner table; she took an active part in each domestic matter. Ruth was charmed. If Agnes would have remained in our house for the evening, I am sure my sister would willingly have foregone even the long-expected discussion. But Miss Herbert was resolved to return to the Great Farm before tea. She sustained her new character to the last moment of her visit, showing Ruth her winter bonnet, and proudly explaining that it was but a renovation of last year's, and that the fashion of its shape and trimming were all due to her own skill.

"She has in her in the making of a good housewife," said my sister, when she was gone; "and I think it will come out. But she's not the woman to be a manager for management's sake."

"For whose sake, then?" I asked, slyly.

"For sake of some worthless man," retorted Ruth; "and the more he gives her to manage, the better she'll like him. Did you see how her fingers twittered about her engaged ring every time she dropped her work? Engaged ring, indeed! Engaged rubbish!"

So we set off to Hopleigh in our little pony-chaise, and we reached the school-room of St. Cyprian in such very good time that nobody else was there. Slowly, the audience straggled in. At last came Mr. Weston. He lingered in the outer room to speak to an acquaintance, and while so doing, I saw his eyes fall on us. Just then, some of my sister's old friends, from Malloze, entered and surrounded us, and hid him from our sight. Presently the assembly got into order: there was expectant silence, but no Mr. Weston. Then an attendant stepped about the room, adjusting windows and blinds, after the fashion of attendants, to screen unpunctuality. Again expectant silence, but still no Mr. Weston. At last the Rev. Ambrose Angelo, a spare, fallow youth in a very prim collar, stood up, and said that he feared some unforeseen circumstance had prevented the appearance of our estimable friend, and that the discussion must proceed in the absence of its promoter. His motion was seconded, and the discussion proceeded. It proved no discussion at all—only an outpouring of sentiment, none of the speakers, on either side, ever forgetting the presence of the reverend gentleman—a saintly and confirmed celibate of five-and-twenty—a novice in the class of life to which he had been raised by the liberality of a theological college. For how, in the light of his mild spectacled eyes, could any farmer or tradesman dare to sug-

gest that a littered noisy family-room might be nearer Heaven, and a better school for self-denial, than his ascetic chambers, with their sacred pictures and crosses, and their constant influx of illuminated texts, where-with the young ladies of St. Cyprian faithfully fortified the piety of the Reverend Augustine?

When the discussion was over, and it was satisfactorily proved that God was best served by a state of things which would bring his world to a speedy end, the assembly dispersed, and we heard many conjectures about the non-appearance of Mr. Weston.

"He was here," said somebody; "for I spoke to him outside."

"He must have been sent for afterwards," remarked another; "but it's strange he did not leave a message: only perhaps he did not expect to be detained."

"Ah, his good sense came back to him," whispered Ruth, griping my arm, "and he could scarcely send that message into a roomful of people!"

"A wasted evening, Ruth," I said, as we re-entered our dwelling.

"No, indeed," she returned: "we have saved an honest man from making a fool of himself!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER.

NOT very long after that memorable evening when Mr. Weston was conspicuous by his absence, I paid a visit to the McCallums at the Refuge. That morning's post had brought me a letter from Ewen, and I always gave them the benefit of the last news from him.

I found the High Street in a little bustle. Curious faces peeped from doors and windows. The object of interest was an old-fashioned, ungainly carriage standing in front of a little hosiery shop. Now, it was above this shop that Ruth had found lodgings for Anne Sanders.

Mr. McCallum himself was at the gate with a comical smile on his cheerful old face.

"It's an ill wind that blows naeboddy guid," said he, admitting me; "but it's no often there's a guid wind that blows naeboddy ill."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"There's just an auld leddy come to fetch away Miss Bessie's sister," he replied. "She's an auld widow cousin of their mither's, an' she's never luiked on the sisters before. But she says, for the credit of the family, she'll no hear of the puir lassie

being left to fight her ain way in a sair warld. She has nae end o' siller, and maybe Miss Anne will come in for the a' the end."

Looking across the road, I could see the lady standing in the hosier's shop—a little woman, quaintly dressed, with her face almost hidden by a hood-like bonnet.

"Does she live far from here?" I asked.

"She lives in a queer little house on the side of Mallowe Heath," he answered.

"In the parish of St. Cross?" I said.

"Then I suppose I have seen her at church?" for there seemed something familiar in the little figure.

"Na, na," returned Mr. McCallum, "she doesna gang to the kirk, but to a chapel on the Heath, where she's the richest and greatest leddy. She has neither child nor kith or kin save these Sanderses—but she isna the body to mind. Money canna buy love, but it can buy fear, and she has a mighty hard high spirit that's weel satisfied wi' that, puir body."

"Does Miss Sanders know of her sister's removal?" I asked, still watching the small angular form, with that uneasy interest that we always feel when our memory is stirred we know not how.

"She's over in the house wi' her the noo," replied Mr. McCallum. "But it's a blessed change to hae that fulish, ill-conceited being taen respectably aff her hands. What could she do wi' her? She's ill to go and ill to guide. But that aye gae wi'out saying, for the waur the fule, the better the mule."

"Do you think the old lady knows the character of her adopted friend?" I inquired.

The old man's merry eyes gave a sly wink. "I dinna think she cares," said he. "Whan ye're a certain age, and a crackit auld body tae the bargain, ye maun hae a body-servant, and whan ye hae tried a' the lasses i' the toon, and they hae a' run back to their mithers, and said ye might keep their bit wage sae ye let them gae free, then ye're owre glad to find onybody left. Miss Anne wad suit nae service, and the auld leddy would suit nae servant, and by the blessing o' God they hae found out each ither!"

Then I proceeded to give the grandfather his boy's messages. And I asked where Alice was. She was up-stairs at needlework, he said. In bygone days she would have come down directly she heard my voice, but the poor girl was just now passing through those trials which honest hearts bear best in solitude and silence.

While we stood at the gate, George Wilmot came in from his morning's work. In

Mr. McCallum's words, "the laddie was shooting up," and his blue eyes had gained quickness without losing their frank honesty. Now, when he was addressed, they did not fall, and his answer was ready, though the blush still came. As the wise old Scotchman said, "There was guid gowd in the callant, and guid gowd will aye brichten."

Just then, there was a bustle at the hosier's door. It was the moment of departure. Bessie came to the door-step, and there the two sisters shook hands. No warmer salutation. Bessie was very pale. Anne was fussy, and dropped her gloves, and ran her umbrella at the side of the carriage. Bessie gave her arm to assist her aged relation down the steps. Then I first saw the lady's face. It was a yellow, dry face, with wizened lips and faded eyes, and no white in the thin, withered hair. But then I knew it had once been fair and comely, a face which I had coveted to confront me on my own hearth—ay, a face which I had once kissed truly and tenderly; alas! a face which afterwards I had almost cursed—for that haggard shrew was the remains of Maria Willoughby! Thank God that Lucy Weston was my first love, and lives safe with Him!

When they were gone, Miss Sanders crossed the road and spoke to us. She only said all had happened very fortunately, and she hoped Anne would be happy, and inquired after Ruth, and sent her dutiful regards to her. Then she drew down her veil, and went away.

"She has lost her torment, and yet she seems sad," I remarked.

"It's hard to hae kin to tease one," said Mr. McCallum; "but it's harder to hae nane to please one. I reckon she'd give ten years of her life to hae a richt to ilka body who had a bit o' love in them."

But after the arrival of George Wilmot I feared lest I was keeping the good man from his dinner, so with a very few more words I left him, and went homewards in a somewhat sobered and saddened mood. However I had parted from Maria Willoughby, I could not forget how we had once met, and her re-appearance, an embittered, loveless old woman, sickened my spirit like a breath of clammy air from a tomb. What said Mr. McCallum?—that money could not buy love? Ah, she had love once without thought of buying, and she threw it away! Does its ghost ever visit her? There are houses which stand so foul and neglected that passers-by say, "Surely they are haunted." And so there are faces which warn us not to ask the secrets of the

hearts behind them. Poor Maria! poor Maria!

But just at my own gate, I was roused from my reverie by the stout voice of Mr. Herbert. His niece was with him, and they had come to pay us a visit. Somehow, Mr. Herbert had heard of the proposed gathering of the people of St. Cross, and he had actually come, unasked, to offer the use of his great dining-room for the occasion. I think he conferred the obligation in return for the little aid I had rendered Agnes; for I had transmitted her father's book to a friend of mine in Paternoster Row, who promised to give her a hundred pounds for it. The transaction was managed by Agnes and me, and it was never mentioned in the presence of her uncle, and he never mentioned it himself; but from his manner I concluded his niece had kept no secret, though both he and she preferred a tacit silence on the subject.

"You and your worthy sister and Mr. Marten can invite the folks—who you like and as many as you like—the more the merrier," said the bluff farmer. "The whole house is at your service, and so are Mrs. Irons and the girls, and I'll provide the victuals—don't fear I shan't have enough."

"We shall certainly want the whole house, sir," returned my sister: "kitchen, parlours, dining-room and all, for everybody must come; and I'm sure you'll welcome nobody so kindly as some who will be most at home by the kitchen fire. We won't place anybody, but we'll give everybody a chance of placing himself. There are some that we should rise up before, Mr. Herbert, who would not thank us if we put them on cushioned chairs and Turkey carpet."

"You're a wise woman, Miss Garrett," said he; "and for my part, if I could only sit in my own kitchen, I shouldn't be sorry. My great grandfather was a better man than me, ma'am, and he sat there. Ah, ma'am, if we kept to the old ways we should be none the worse."

"But at which old way shall we make a stand?" asked Ruth drily. "The oldest ways in England were woad and acorns, and Druids and sacrifices."

"Now, it strikes me you are laughing at me, Miss Garrett," said the farmer, good-humouredly, "I thought you liked the old ways too?"

"I like some old ways," Ruth answered, "but along with the good old ways there were bad old ways, and somehow I think the good old ways live longest. I don't believe the world grows worse, Mr. Herbert."

"Then do you think it grows better?" he asked rather quickly.

She shook her head: "I won't say that either," she replied, "but I think it is like a child growing up. Its evil passions are still there, but they are kept under more restraint."

"You are a clever woman," he said, "and you get beyond me. I just like to keep in the beaten track, and do what my people did before me, and then, at least, I am safe."

"I don't know that," returned Ruth, carrying on the figure, "you may be going over different soil, where a light wheel would travel better than a heavy one."

"A heavy wheel may be sometimes slow, but it's always sure," said he, "and that reminds me a waggon of mine is now at the wheelwright's, and I had best go and see after it."

He left Agnes behind him, saying he would send Mrs. Irons to fetch her in the course of the evening. The girl had not expected this prolonged visit, and, as she had brought no work, she asked us to provide her with some, and so I set her to sort and endorse a basketful of old letters which I wished to keep. The task lasted all day, though she went through it with alacrity, and we were just going over the last papers, when there was a hasty rap at the door, and a moment after Phillis hurriedly announced "Miss Sanders," adding in a whisper, "She is crying, ma'am, and all in a flutter."

Bessie entered. She had lost no time on her toilet, for her bonnet was not tied, and her shawl was only thrown hastily round her. She had an open letter in her hand, which she laid before Ruth, and then stood breathless, unheeding the chair which Phillis set for her.

My sister perused the document in silence, then, with a flash of astonished intelligence, she said, "Edward, listen to this," and read—

"DEAR MADAM,

"I feel it is my duty to tell you that the boy known in your village as George Wilnot, and now living at the Refuge, is the son of your dead cousin George Roper, who was privately married in London under an assumed name. With this information to start from, I think you will soon trace a likeness between the two. I only disclose this as I think it will give happiness to both you and the lad. In token of my good intentions I enclose a sovereign for George Wilnot, not as a present, but as part payment of an old account between his father and me. And I can only sign myself,

"ONE WHO HAS MUCH TO REGRET."

"There it is!" exclaimed Bessie, dropping the piece of gold on the table, and then, sinking on a seat, she gave way to a storm of hysteric tears and laughter, among which the only intelligible words were, "loneliness—ended—thank God—thank God!" She forgave her cousin's faithlessness to her sister's memory: she forgave his hidden marriage, and the deception in which he died. She thought only of a new right to love, of another call to live and labour!

We all examined the letter. It was in delicate upright writing, evidently the disguise of a refined, but perhaps egotistical hand. The postmark was St. Martin's-le-Grand, and there was no stationer's name on the envelope. The writer had known how to secure secrecy. Yet there was a simplicity about the letter and its enclosure which seemed to ensure its truthfulness. Evidently Bessie Sanders did not doubt it. Presently she grew calm, and then arose, saying—

"I must go to the Refuge, and fetch him."

I prepared to go with her. Just as I put on my hat, Agnes Herbert whispered—

"Please take me with you, and leave me at the Great Farm as you pass."

I looked down at the girl, and was startled by her ashen face and wan eyes. "My dear," I said, "I fear you have done too much to-day."

"I am a little tired," she answered, "but it's not for that I want to go home; only if I go with you it will save Mrs. Irons a walk."

So she went with us, and we left her at her uncle's gate. I half-expected she would ask me to call in on my return, and tell her what passed at the Refuge, but she did not.

The M'Callums and George were all comfortably seated in their little sitting-room. Our very appearance at that untimely season startled them, and our errand startled them still more. They would fain have doubted the letter, but Bessie was terribly in earnest, and had brought her sister's portrait, and there certainly was a likeness between it and the half-pleased, half-frightened boy, who submitted rather timidly to his relation's caresses, and then stole back to Alice M'Callum.

Wherever his future home might be, Bessie implored that he might return with her that night, until at last, with quivering lips, Alice prepared his little outfit. Then the old man blessed the boy, and Alice kissed him—quite calmly, until the garden gate clanged behind the happy woman and the astonished lad, and then the gentle "matron" sat down and wept bitterly—almost as bitterly as a mother when her

first-born is carried from her arms to his grave.

"You must not grudge him to Miss Sanders," I said as gently as I could, "she has nothing. You still have your grandfather and Ewen."

"Yes, I know," she sobbed. "And Ewen will never tire of me, but oh, I must keep away from him. For he will rise—rise—rise, and I must not keep him down. I must make him think I don't care much for him, and can be quite happy without him. And I thought we should have George always!"

"Wisht, lassie!" said old McCallum; "the Lord gives and the Lord takes awa', and a' ye've to do, lassie, is to bless His holy name."

"And you have not lost George," I pleaded. "Even if he live with Miss Sanders, still he will be close to you, and he will not forget that you are his old friend—his first friend."

And just then it struck me it was a good thing his relationship to the Sanderses had not been known on his arrival at Upper Mallowe, for though Bessie's heart was soft enough towards him now, when she saw him subdued, mellowed, and somewhat instructed, her charity was not as tender and cath-

olic as Alice's, and she might have shrunk from the uncouth coarseness of the mere tramp boy.

"And he is George Roper's son," Alice exclaimed suddenly, her tears ceasing, as she started up to set the supper dishes, "and it was his father's knife he found in the hedge—and Bessie Sanders believes our Ewen guilty—and now——"

"But George does not," I interrupted, "and George never will—and your brother's innocence may be made manifest yet. This very evening gives us an instance how secret things are brought to light."

I said no more, for I knew her woman's heart was very sore—smarting with the old ache of her brother's sufferings, and the newer pang of Mr. Weston's love-affair. At another time she would rejoice in the joy of Bessie and George, but just now it mocked her,—as a laugh in the streets mocks the watcher by a dying bed.

So I returned home, musing at the wondrous providence which weaves together such varying threads of human life, and suddenly the question forced itself upon my mind—"Is it possible that he who led George Wilnot to our house a year ago is the same who now sends this letter?"

FRANCE.—The Emperor and Empress attended the annual agricultural meeting at Rouen. The Emperor made two extempore speeches: the first was addressed to the Mayor of Rouen, in which he alluded to the past sufferings of the industrial and agricultural classes, which he hoped were now at an end. The Emperor's second address was to the Archbishop of Rouen, Cardinal de Bonnechose. The Emperor said, "The Church is the sanctuary where the great principles of Christian morality are maintained intact—principles which elevate man above all material interests. Let us then join with the faith of our forefathers the sentiment of progress; let us never separate our love of God from the love of our country. Thus we shall render ourselves less unworthy of Divine protection, and be enabled to march with head erect in the path of duty through every obstacle." The Emperor concluded by thanking the Cardinal for the good wishes expressed for the Empress and Prince Imperial, and said, "The blessing of the Prince's august godfather and the prayers of the clergy of France can not fail to ensure his happiness."

Cardigan now threw out a fragment which met Nolan full on the chest, and tore away into his heart. The sword dropped from his hand; but the arm with which he was waving it the moment before still remained high uplifted in the air, and the grip of the practised horseman remaining as yet unrelaxed, still held him firm in his saddle. Missing the perfect hand of his master, and finding the accustomed governance now succeeded by dangling reins, the horse all at once wheeled about and began to gallop back upon the front of the advancing brigade. Then from what had been Nolan—and his form was still erect in the saddle, his sword-arm still high in the air—there burst forth a cry so strange and appalling that the hearer who rode the nearest to him has always called it "unearthly." And in truth, I imagine the sound resulted from no human will, but rather from those spasmodic forces which may act upon the bodily frame when life, as a power, has ceased. The firm-seated rider, with arm uplifted and stiff, could hardly be ranked with the living. The shriek men heard rending the air was scarce other than the shriek of a corpse. This dead horseman rode on till he had passed through the interval of the 13th Light Dragoons. Then at last he dropped out of the saddle.

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN NOLAN.—But a Russian shell bursting on the right front of Lord

"Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea," Vol. IV.

From The Spectator.

GENERAL GRANT.*

GENERAL GRANT, the most successful soldier of the Secession War, is the first-born of parents residing in Clermont County, Ohio. All here recorded of his father is that he was of Scotch descent, and that he dealt in leather; and nothing is set down respecting the mother of the General, except that her maiden name was Simpson. The Christian names of the General are Hiram Ulysses, but the Congressman who gave the youth a nomination to West Point wrote him down Ulysses S. Grant, his comrades nicknamed him Uncle Sam, no efforts of his could induce the military authorities to correct the original error, and "U. S." he remained. Grant did not take a high place at the military academy; he was twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine; but like many others who have not shone in competitive examinations, he won distinction in the work of actual life, and obtained two brevet promotions for gallantry during the Mexican war. In 1848, when still a subaltern in a marching regiment, he married a Miss Dent, of St. Louis, but in 1854, after getting his company, he resigned his commission and took a farm. Six years afterwards he joined his father and brother, and took up with his old business as leather-seller at Galena. In this situation he was not destined to remain. The fall of Sumter in 1861 caused Grant to volunteer, and twelve days after Anderson struck his flag to the fierce Carolinians, Grant marched into Springfield, Illinois, at the head of a company which he had drilled at Galena. He offered his services to the Washington Government, but his letter was unanswered, and he owed his commission as Colonel of the 21st Illinois to Governor Yates. But at the beginning of August, while doing duty in Missouri, he learned from a newspaper that he had become a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. All the members from Illinois, not one of whom he knew, had recommended him for promotion. Such is the simple story of Grant's advent on the theatre of war.

General Fremont, then commanding the Western department, posted Grant in Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio, and here he performed his first noteworthy exploit, the seizure of Paducah. The style of his proceedings is a key to his military character; it manifests a keen eye for decisive points,

great promptitude in action, and no fear of responsibility. General Polk — the fighting bishop — seized Columbus and Hickman, two important places on the Mississippi, the day before Grant reached Cairo. He foresaw that the next move of his episcopal antagonist would be to occupy Paducah, and thus close the navigation of the Ohio, Tennessee, and Cumberland, and he determined to be first in the field. On the 5th he telegraphed to Fremont, "I am getting ready to go to Paducah. Will start at six and a half o'clock." Later in the day he sent a second message. Getting no reply, he steamed off at the hour fixed; the next morning at half-past eight he was master of Paducah, without having fired a shot; having garrisoned the post, he returned to Cairo, and then only he received a telegram from Fremont directing him to take Paducah "if he felt strong enough." Fremont was a political general, he knew little of war, and was jealous of his professional subordinates. Had Fremont been a soldier, he would have allowed Grant more discretion; and in that case probably the Confederates would have been driven from Columbus at the outset of the war. The combat at Belmont in November was really fought as a diversion in order to prevent the passage of Confederate troops from Kentucky into Missouri. Here, again, Grant's real character came to light, displaying his coolness in danger, his indomitable will, and his readiness to make the very best fight he could under all circumstances; and there can be no doubt he saved his command by sheer force of character from impending ruin, rendered almost inevitable not by want of courage, but lack of discipline. In the eyes of the country Belmont did not raise the reputation of Grant, but the country, as usual, was totally ignorant of the facts, and quite unaware that the General had shown the highest military qualities, and had, although defeated, really secured the object of the movement. McClellan had become General-in-Chief on the Potomac, and Halleck had superseded Fremont in the West; both were soldiers highly accomplished in the "bookish theoretic" of their art, but too much under the dominion of European precedents; they were soldiers of talent, and the Republic required soldiers of genius who could apply the fundamental principles of warfare to the moral and physical circumstances of the country and the time. Grant had studied the facts presented by his own department; he justly estimated the relative worth of the hostile armies; and he fastened on the weak points in the Confederate position. But when he went to St.

* *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant, from April, 1861, to April, 1865.* By Adam Badeau, Colonel and Aide-de Camp to the General-in-Chief, Brevet Brigadier U. S. Army. Vol. I. Appleton, New York, 1868.

Louis and proposed to capture the forts on the Tennessee and Cumberland, Halleck rebuked him so sharply and rudely that Grant was almost convinced that he himself and not his learned superior was in the wrong. Halleck was really a pedant in warfare, he was rarely "ready," and always showed a decided fear of responsibility. Returning to his command, the whole force of the facts rushed afresh into Grant's mind, and he once more pointed out that the seizure of Forts Henry and Donelson was as imperative as it was feasible. But it was not until Commodore Foote endorsed the proposal that Halleck accorded his sanction. Fort Henry was rapidly reduced, and Grant, without a word of encouragement from Halleck, marched upon Fort Donelson. The capture of that strong place was effected, in the face of great obstacles, by a display of sterling soldiiership. Grant had gone on board a gunboat to see Foote, who was wounded; during his absence the Confederates had made a desperate sally, intent on breaking through the Union right, and escaping to Nashville. They would have succeeded, had they not, when each side was on the point of yielding, yielded first. But the pause was a lull, not a climax; Grant, riding up, learned that the enemy's soldiers had come out with knapsacks, and haversacks filled with three days' provisions. "Then they mean to cut their way out; they have no idea of staying here to fight us," he remarked; and looking at the disordered style of his own ranks on the right, he exclaimed, "Whichever party first attacks now will whip, and the rebels will have to be very quick if they beat me." Encouraging his soldiers as he rode along, he dashed off to the left, persuaded the wounded Commodore to make a show of fight with his shattered gunboats, flung the whole of his left wing headlong upon the enemy, and won the day. That night the recreants Floyd and Pillow fled, leaving the task of surrendering to the soldier Buckner, an old West Point comrade of Grant's, and the next day the Union flag floated over Donelson. The success was decisive. It broke the whole Confederate line from Bowling Green to Columbus, and gave the Union the whole of West Tennessee and Kentucky. Nevertheless, Halleck, sitting at St. Louis, sent no word of congratulation to Grant, so little did he understand the unobtrusive commander, and attributing the merit to Charles Smith, a subordinate, he advised the President to "make Smith a Major-General." Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton saw more clearly than Halleck, and they made Grant a Major-General. In-

deed, Halleck, who had been restraining the ardour of his brigadier, who had prevented him from seizing Columbus, who was for ever exclaiming, 'Don't be rash, fortify, wait for reinforcements,' now, on the score that "hesitation and delay" were losing all, demanded, *for himself*, the command of the armies of the West. For the present the projects of Halleck failed.

Here we may note the beginning of the friendship of Grant and Sherman, which up to this hour remains unimpaired. No men ever entered upon national work with less selfish views. Each was anxious solely for the success of the patriotic cause, and ever ready to subordinate his own personal interests to the public good. Sherman, during the siege of Donelson, was in command at Cairo, and he applied his vast energy in support of Grant. Moreover, although senior as Brigadier, he offered to go and help in person if wanted, saying he would make no question of rank with Grant or Smith. After the victory, in reply to Sherman's warm congratulations and wishes for his new friend's promotion, Grant wrote, "I care nothing for promotion, so long as our arms are successful and no political appointments are made." The behaviour of Halleck at this period is scarcely susceptible of any honourable explanation. While Grant was exerting himself to the utmost and forwarding full reports to headquarters, Halleck suddenly accused him of disobedience, declared he sent no reports, and, without waiting for a reply, sent a telegram to Washington denouncing Grant for neglect and inefficiency, and asking permission to set Charles Smith above him. That permission was granted; more bullying telegrams arrived from Halleck, and Grant asked to be relieved from duty. In the meantime Halleck had got new light from somewhere, refused to relieve Grant, and sent him a copy of a letter which he had written to Washington amply vindicating all Grant's proceedings. The only reasonable explanation we can imagine is that Halleck acted on an anonymous letter, that it was McClellan who took upon himself to order Grant's temporary supersession, and that when the Government learned the facts they promptly compelled Halleck to do his subordinate justice. Between Grant and Charles Smith there was no misunderstanding of any kind; it is worthy of remark that Grant was just as zealous during his disgrace as he had been before; and when Smith learned that the stigma had been removed, he wrote, "I am glad that you are to resume your old command, from which you were so unceremoniously and,

as I think, unjustly stricken down." No feelings could animate patriot soldiers finer than those which swayed the personal conduct of Grant, Sherman, and Smith.

The great conquest at Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, would probably not have been fought had not Halleck been moved to place Grant under a cloud of transitory censure. The position for the Union Army on the left or enemy's bank of the Tennessee would not, there is reason to believe, have been selected by Grant, whose instincts told him that until assured of a junction with General Buell his place was on the right bank. But when he returned to the army he found it encamped on the other side, and deemed it wiser to stay than retreat. Despite the deliberate judgment of Sherman, who has defended the choice of ground made by Smith during Grant's eclipse, we must remain constant to our opinion, long ago expressed, that the Union Army ought not to have been exposed to the risk of defeat in detail. One-half was on the left, one-half, Buell's army, still *en route*, on the right bank, while the Confederate Chief, Sydney Johnston, an able man, had concentrated everything at Corinth. We shall not fight this battle over again, although the theme is tempting, but simply remark that Grant's obstinacy saved the Union Army. At the very worst moment of the engagement, when the Union troops were huddled around the landing, and all looked lost, Buell arrived, having ridden in advance of his soldiers. Buell asked "What preparations have you made for retreating, General?" The reply was prompt and decisive, "I haven't despaired of whipping them *yet*," an answer very characteristic of the most dogged fighter in the Union Army. He did not win, but he did not lose; and remembering Donelson, he gave orders at once for renewing the battle at daybreak. "I have often heard him declare," writes General Badeau, "that there comes a time in every hard-fought battle, when both armies are nearly or quite exhausted, and it seems impossible for either to do more. This he believed the turning-point, — whichever after first renews the fight is sure to win." Grant renewed the fight, and won. For the first time, after this battle, he acquired the conviction that the war would be intense and prolonged, and his biographer, assuring us that the belief developed his peculiar views on the conduct of the war, thus sets them forth: —

"He thought then, and remained firm in the conviction ever afterwards, that it was not

extended territory, nor capital cities, nor fortified places, that should be the prime objects of any commander's strategy; for it had been proven that all these could be dispensed with by heroic and determined foes; but that armies and men must become the points of attack; that these should be pursued wherever they moved, regardless, comparatively, of positions and forts; that the armies must not only be defeated, but destroyed; and that, therefore, the policy of merely outwitting or outmaneuvering the enemy, or forcing the evacuation of strongholds and the abandonment of territory, and allowing him thus to concentrate his real force, was unwise; that every effort should be made to find and fight the rebel armies again and again, and that only when those armies were either subdued or annihilated would the rebellion end. Upon this idea he thereafter acted, as far as he had control. He did not underrate the value of places, but he was always willing to sacrifice them for armies. He did not depreciate the value of life, but he thought that even life should be freely spent, if so the great object of the war could be attained. He believed, indeed, that life rapidly expended in a vigorous campaign would prove an economy of life in the end."

These views, formed at such an early stage, are creditable to the insight of the commander; and, so far as the Government permitted, he acted upon them in subsequent years, until at last he was able to write with literal truth, "the only objectives now are the armies of Lee and Johnston," and to secure their surrender.

But the morrow of Shiloh found Grant in deep disgrace, for he was naturally considered responsible for the peril incurred, and men's minds, excited by preternatural suspicion, did not know that he had accepted a situation made for him by Halleck, and had really saved the republic by his indomitable will. Halleck now obtained the goal of his ambition, the entire control of the armies in the Mississippi Valley. He gathered up 120,000 bayonets, the largest force ever assembled west of the Alleghanies; but, wanting the daring of Grant and the originality of Sherman, he spent six weeks in marching fifteen miles; and, although he did compel Beauregard to yield Corinth, the key of the valley on that side, yet he allowed the Confederates to slip away. Worse than this, after the retreat of Beauregard, Halleck wasted the army by operating with detachments under indifferent commanders; the Union troops were reduced to the defensive; Vicksburg arose to bar the great river; Bragg invaded Kentucky; and the cause of the North was placed in bitter peril for a whole year. Grant and Sherman performed very useful services in West Tennessee, but neither were at that time understood. Political in-

fluences nearly succeeded in placing McClelland, an ambitious and very incompetent volunteer officer, in command, and the Union was within an ace of losing the services of the two men who were destined to close the war. Nevertheless fortune willed that Grant should remain, but not that he should carry out his own plans. There can now be no doubt that he would have advanced on Vicksburg from the rear, by moving boldly through the heart of Mississippi, had not the Aulic council at Washington insisted upon an attack from the river. Throughout the winter and part of the spring the troops were engaged in an "amphibious campaign" against Vicksburg; trying to dig canals in order to divert the Mississippi, and to push through intricate watercourses on the eastern bank; the first, with the object of securing the aid of the fleet below, the second to turn the right flank of the enemy's defences, at Haine's Bluff, on the Yazoo. Grant had no faith in these expedients, but he obeyed orders sent from Washington. At this time, the spring of 1863, vehement efforts were made at Washington to procure Grant's recall, and his supersession by the incompetent McClelland. Even one of his warmest friends told Mr. Lincoln that the exigencies of the State demanded a fresh commander. The President, who had begun to distrust civilian generals, replied, "I rather like the man; I think we'll try him a little longer." That speech was the turning-point in the General's career. In three months he was master of Vicksburg and its defenders.

The story of the Vicksburg campaign is related in full and interesting detail, and any one who would form an adequate conception of the character of Grant should read this minute record. No General, not even Napoleon or Wellington, in his prime, ever worked harder than the unassuming, self-effacing, energetic officer whom President Lincoln wisely determined to try a little longer. His design was to transfer his troops overland to posts on the right bank below Vicksburg; then to cross the river, a mile wide, establish himself in rear of the fortress, and act as opportunity might determine. All Grant's Generals were opposed to the plan, and Sherman took especial and unusual pains to convince his friend of the peril he would incur; but once resolved on, each subordinate wrought heartily at the work. Sherman's plan was the more scientific, but under the circumstances Grant's was the better. Sherman desired to operate from Memphis, by the line of the Yallahusha, and his scheme was strictly *secundum artem*; but Grant saw that to go

back to Memphis would look like a retreat, and involve a loss of moral force; that there was some security in the very hazard he was prepared to run, and that he had all the advantage of the initiative, so precious to a soldier. It is this perception of the moral element in the problem and unflinching adherence to his own solution which constitutes his great merit. He held no council of war, he revoked no orders, but laboured day and night to execute his design. Part of the troops had worked their way down the river, gunboats and transports had run past the batteries; McClelland, though stimulated by Admiral Porter, had missed opportunities of seizing Grand Gulf, a stronghold at the mouth of the Big Black; and Grant, forced to have his headquarters at the front, had determined to go still lower down. Sherman had not started from Milliken's Bend, and Grant thought that it would be useful to have a demonstration against Haine's Bluff; "but I am loath to order it," he wrote, "because it would be so hard to make our troops understand that only a demonstration was intended, and our people at home would characterize it as a repulse." Besides, it would make Sherman appear as once more unsuccessful, and Grant felt that keenly; but Sherman, to his glory, promptly replied, "I believe a diversion at Haine's Bluff is proper and right, and will make it, let whatever reports of repulses be made." Nothing, truly, could exceed the singleness of purpose shown by these noble soldiers. The men were not behind in self-devotion. The troops were ordered to take three rations as subsistence for five days, and make them last; and they did it without a murmur. Grant's daring conceptions were too thorough for the Government at Washington, and they were greatly alarmed to learn that he had turned up the river, instead of seeking a junction with Banks, then preparing to besiege Port Hudson. But Mr. Lincoln, General Halleck, and Mr. Stanton did not know the real situation, and that much must be said in excuse for their erroneous views. Grant was aware that Pemberton, in charge of Vicksburg, had a strong force in the place, and on the line to Jackson, and that Joseph Johnston was assembling another army in the interior. He knew also that Banks could not even promise to be before Port Hudson until the 10th of May, and that if he tried to co-operate directly with that officer, Johnston and Pemberton would unite, and frustrate the whole operation. The principle on which the Union General acted was the sound one of modifying his plans with the change of

circumstances. He saw that by rapid and decisive movements he might strike in between Johnston and Pemberton, beat them in detail, and capture Vicksburg, or cut it off from the body of the Confederacy. But this involved the abandonment of a base of operations for a short time, and he had the courage to run a risk which usually unnerves every commander. Fortunately he was as prompt in action as he was in decision, and when Halleck telegraphed from Washington instructions to unite with Banks between Port Hudson and Vicksburg, Grant was happily beyond the reach of the despatch and on the high road to victory. Few operations are recorded in history more audacious in design than those of Grant, and they were executed with a skill and vigour which are very rare. He marched stealthily and swiftly upon his foes, who did not comprehend, until they were struck and routed, the deadly blows aimed at them. Threatening Pemberton with one arm, he suddenly flung himself upon Johnston, defeated him, and destroyed the railway junction at Jackson. While Pemberton was on the march to join his chief, he unexpectedly found in his front nearly the whole of Grant's army, which had swiftly marched back from Jackson; and had McClernand acted with even moderate resolution, Pemberton's army would have been utterly broken and destroyed at Champion's Hill. As it was, the result of the fight was most disastrous to the Confederate leader, and having endured great loss, he was pushed back rapidly over the Big Black, and ran a near risk of being cut off. On the 11th of May Grant had deliberately abandoned his communications with Grand Gulf, and on the 18th, having in the interval fought four actions, routed two armies, captured several guns and thousands of prisoners, he had the gratification of looking on the Mississippi from the line of bluffs, Walnut Hills, which had so long defied approaches from the river. Rarely have seven days been better employed. Grant was with Sherman when the column struck the Walnut Hills, and the two soldiers gazed for a moment on the goal of the campaign. "Sherman at last turned abruptly round, and exclaimed to Grant, 'Until this moment I never thought your expedition a success. I never could see the end clearly until now. But this is a campaign; this is a success, if we never take the town.' The other, as usual, smoked his cigar and made no reply." The silent thinker who never but once held a council of war, the hard worker who never spared himself, and inspired others with his own spirit of self-devotion, had calculated

the issue, relying on prudent boldness, rapidity, and the high courage of his army. Sherman was the first to acknowledge the splendour of an achievement which he had not foreseen, which had secured his friend a place among great commanders, and which had done more than that, — served the national cause. The surrender of Vicksburg on the 4th of July, and the battle of Gettysburg, fought on the same day, were the turning-points in a long war, which the two men who watched the tawny flood of the Mississippi on the afternoon of the 18th of May, and saw that they were victors, were destined to close. Into the details we have not space to enter, but few campaigns contain more instructive lessons than that we have briefly recorded, and those who would con them may do so by studying the pages of General Badeau's work. One incident arising out of the fall of Vicksburg we must notice. During the war nothing was more common among the Confederate sympathizers in England, than the boast that all Southerners were gentlemen, and far superior in manners to their opponents. Here is a specimen of rude manners unequalled in any history. Grant had conceded generous terms to his enemies, and when he entered the town as a conqueror he did so with little parade and no fuss: —

"He went direct to one of the rebel headquarters, but there was no one to receive him, and he dismounted and entered the porch, where Pemberton sat with his Generals; they saluted Grant, but not one offered him a chair, though all had seats themselves. Neither the rank nor the reputation of their captor, nor the swords he had allowed them to wear, prompted them to this simple act of courtesy. Pemberton was especially sullen, both in conversation and behaviour. Finally, for very shame, one of the rebels offered a place to Grant. The day was hot and dusty; he was thirsty from his ride and asked for a drink of water. They told him he could find it inside; and, no one showing him the way, he groped in a passage until he found a negro, who gave him the cup of cold water only, which his enemy had almost denied. When he returned his seat had been taken, and he remained standing during the rest of the interview, which lasted about half an hour."

After reading that anecdote the most prejudiced Confederate partizan can scarcely maintain that in manners the Confederate officers were the superiors of their own slaves.

The volume before us closes with the termination of Grant's Chattanooga campaign, where his vast administrative abilities, his keen perception of the right thing to be done, his astuteness, his bull-dog tenacity,

received fresh illustrations. But the story has often been told briefly, and we need only say that the student may read it in our author's pages with a fullness never presented before. As specimens of most excellent military workmanship, the campaigns of Vicksburg and Chattanooga will take a very high place in military history; but the record of Grant's career, at this moment, will be most carefully studied by those who desire to form some conception of the character of a man who may be President of the United States. They will find in it great prudence, tempered by a Dantesque audacity; patience that never fails; a cool temper rarely ruffled; a habit of independent decision, and reliance on his own judgment; not the slightest fear of responsibility; not a spark of vacillation; keen attention to minute details, and a capacity for broad sagacious insight, above all, the rare faculty, so conspicuous in Wellington, of forming a just estimate of the facts which furnish the conditions of the problem and the sole basis of fruitful action. How far these characteristics, which have been made manifest in a military career of unusual brilliancy, are likely to mark their possessor in civil and political life yet remains to be determined. When Grant emerged from a trader's shop and took his place in the army, he was clearly deficient in ordinary culture. Since then his mind has been developed and disciplined by varied experience and vast responsibilities. "My only point of doubt," wrote Sherman, in March, 1864, "was in your knowledge of grand strategy and of books of science and history; but, I confess, your common sense seems to have supplied all these." Will that marvellous common sense continue to supply the place of a defective political training? Let us hear Sherman on this point. At the end of December, 1863, he wrote these remarkable words to his comrade in arms:—

"Your reputation as a General is now far above that of any man living, and partizans will manoeuvre for your influence; but, if you can escape them, as you have hitherto done, you will be more powerful for good than it is possible to measure. You said that you were surprised at my assertion on this point, but I repeat that, from what I have seen and heard here, I am more and more convinced of the truth of what I told you. Do as you have heretofore done; preserve a plain military character, and let others manoeuvre as they will, you will beat them, not only in fame, but in doing good in the closing scenes of this war, when somebody must heal and mend up the breaches made by war."

LIVING AGE.

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The time has come when "somebody" is imperatively required to restore the health of the body politic. Is Hiram Ulysses Grant the man?

From The Spectator.

LONGFELLOW.

A CONTEMPORARY, in writing its welcome to the New England poet, who has just been graced with a degree by the University of Cambridge, says very truly, but not without something of satire on the nation which receives him, that Mr. Longfellow is known and loved more by his "Psalm of Life," his "Excelsior," his "Red Planet Mars," and other youthful poems, of a description which the venerable poet himself would, we imagine, estimate very slightly, than by that class of poems which are the true and exclusive product of his own land and his individual genius, of which we suppose *Hia-watha* is by far the most striking and the most perfect. It is certainly true enough that for once that you come across any quotation from that exquisite picture of the wild and simple and dignified genius of the North American Indians, and of their strangely familiar communion with the lower tribes which inhabit the lake and the forest, you meet with at least a dozen allusions to the sickly sentiment of "Excelsior" and the conventional sadness of the "Voices of the Night." Everybody in England at least knows that Mr. Longfellow

"Knows how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong,"

though we suspect that Mr. Longfellow himself would revise the mode of expressing that knowledge, if the poem were not now far beyond his reach,—and would decline to epitomize it in words that have such a conventionally holy, such a "sweet consumptive seventeen" ring about them. Everybody who knows Mr. Longfellow's name at all, and many who do not, have experienced in their youth the proud glow of realizing

"That our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

And many of us, doubtless, have looked woe-begone for days at a time, at the appropriate age, as a result of the delightful sensation that we could lay our hands upon our hearts (or wrists) and count the throbbing notes of that military dead-march, and glory in the gloomy pageant of our melancholy fate. Everybody, again, who read

Longfellow when he was first popular in this country, has heard, we suppose, in imagination that magnificent tramp of ghostly poets,

"From the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time,"

and has probably felt an increased respect for Time in consequence of thus attributing to it a manorial residence containing long corridors,—as good as any nobleman's castle,—wherein Homer and Æschylus are proudly pacing still. These were young things written in Mr. Longfellow's salad days, when he was green in judgment, and when, like many another young poet, he mistook the magniloquent for the grand. But it is scarcely to our credit that we as a nation should receive him with open arms on account of his poetic fame, and yet when we come to ask ourselves what we know of it, should be able only to recall scraps of well-rounded, heroic aspiration, or sentiment flushed with that pink but premature and rather unhealthy light which precedes living experience. If we welcome Mr. Longfellow for his "Excelsior," we are welcoming him for what does his heart great, but his head exceedingly little, credit. The very ill-advised youth who went up the Alps armed,—like a Band of Hope in a Sunday School,—only with a banner, and went on purpose apparently either to try a pass from which the native guides dissuaded him, or to exhibit a tear in his "bright blue eye" when a rather forward young woman invited him "to rest his weary head upon her breast," or to give the good old monks of St. Bernard and their dog needless trouble in digging him and his banner out of the snow, was about as unsuitable a metaphor for the steadfastness of an unwavering upward purpose, as any one, if going upwards at all, could have been. Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, climbing the Hill of Difficulty, going to sleep in the arbour on the way, and starting out of sleep with bitter reproaches to himself, in the flutter of which he drops the scroll given to lighten his path, is as much nobler an image of poor human nature striving upwards, than Mr. Longfellow's ornamental young man with sad brow and "faulchion"-like eyes, and "clarion"-like voice, as actual goodness is nobler than the hectic exaltation of romance. And we do not doubt for a moment that Mr. Longfellow himself is thoroughly impressed with the rather flushed and morbid sentiment of his youthful poems, and would be far from pleased if he should discover that the writer in the *Daily News* is right

in ascribing to the English people an admiration for his poetry based almost entirely on what is least admirable and far the least original in his writings. That there is a gentle and liquid sweetness about Mr. Longfellow's early as about his latest style we do not deny. No genuine poet can help impressing a certain beauty of form on even the worst and poorest thoughts which he versifies. But the poems by which it is said,—not, we fear, quite untruly,—that Mr. Longfellow is chiefly known in England, are full of stock-metaphors that mark unripeness of character rather than of intellect, metaphors whose whole drift is exhausted in the first superficial glance, and which grow falser and falser to the mind ever afterwards. If Mr. Longfellow had written only these things, he would indeed have been distinguished by taste, and culture, and true refinement of feeling from the most popular of our English moralists in verse, but it could scarcely be said that he had exhibited more true genius of a kind entitling him to be cherished and remembered in English and American literature.

As, however, Mr. Longfellow really deserves far more discriminating and genuine admiration than he is at all likely to receive in England, we can only hope that his visit here and the cordiality of our welcome may have the wholesome effect of turning the attention of Englishmen from the conventional sentimentalism of Mr. Longfellow's earlier verses to the sweet and limpid purity, the shy and graceful humour, the cool and perfectly natural colours and forms, and the thoroughly original conception and treatment, of his later poems, especially that which will doubtless live as long as the English language, "*Hiawatha*." For playful and tender interpretation of the way in which child-like tribes, living in the midst of nature's mightiest life and marvels, allegorize the transformations they see, and measure themselves against the powers and the creatures by which they are surrounded, there is not, nor, as far as we know, has there even been, anything like it in any language. Indeed, it was only possible to a man of fine modern culture like Mr. Longfellow, coming into personal contact with the old American-Indian traditions without either the religious prejudices, or the bigotry, of imagination and sensation, if we may so speak, which would prevent him from fully entering into them. It needed a singularly innocent, and simple, and child-like, as well as a singularly true and crystal fancy, to follow these Indian legends with so much faithfulness and spirit. A mind occupied with transcendental raptures like

Wordsworth's would have been as surely steeled and fortified against these visions of primeval man in the primeval forest, as a mind occupied with a wealth of subtle dramatic distinctions like Browning's, or a wealth of picturesque meditation and metaphysic musings like Tennyson's.

There is in "Hiawatha" a perfectly wonderful delicacy in catching at once the awe, and the dignity, and the superficial picturesqueness, and the graceful pliancy of humour, and the light, impulsive joyousness, and the dark but airy superstition, and the passionate love of fitful excitement, in the old Indian legends. Hiawatha has, to our minds, familiarized us more perfectly with the old inhabitants of the American forests, than all the volumes of tradition and legend which ever preceded it. Mr. Longfellow's genius was just the genius to interpret between it and us, to paint it to us as we are best capable of seeing it, and as it is most likely to take a permanent hold upon us. How bright and playful is the picture of the familiarity of the lower animals with the little Indian prophet, when he goes forth in his childhood with his first bow and arrows on his first hunting expedition:—

"Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaamo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'

"Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow:
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!"

That is a forest scene such as we know no American McCallum to do justice to. It would need one who had made a special study, not only of the Indian tribes, to draw the boy-prophet in his first hunter's joy of independence, but of the wild creatures of the forest, the squirrel and the rabbit and the deer half fascinated by Hiawatha and all but acknowledging him as one of themselves, and yet shy, too, of his human skill and knowledge. How admirable, too, in their bright and simple outlines are the various companions of the Indian prophet's life,—the old boaster Iagoo, for instance, who is always fancying that the people long to hear "his immeasurable falsehoods;" and again, Pau-Puk-Keewis, the mischievous dancer, the "storm-fool," who teaches the people to love physical and mental excitement, who introduces the gambling game of "bowls and counters" amongst Hiawatha's people, because he is tired alike of Hiawatha's wisdom and of Iagoo's falsehoods. But it is not only in the details, it is in the whole spirit of the poem,—the fanciful joy and beauty, the equally fanciful weirdness and gloom,—that we enjoy the touch of a master hand. When Hiawatha is to lose his wife, and by way of warning, ghostly shadows come from "the land of the Hereafter," who cower for weeks in the corner of his hut, and seize on all her food before she can taste it, the poet curdles our blood without in any way putting the full strain of pain and horror on the feelings of his readers. The light and pliant treatment is preserved, and though the legend is gruesome, it is gruesome with a sort of childlike simplicity. How simple and striking are the first chords which the Poet strikes!—

"Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise,
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish."

And then the scene where the two women, Hiawatha's mother and wife, are sitting in their hut, their shadows "crouching behind

them," when these other and more material shadows from "the land of the Hereafter" enter:—

"Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,
• As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.
From their aspect and their garments
Strangers seemed they in the village;
Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Trembling, cowering with the shadows.
Was it the wind above the smoke-flue
Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest?
Sure a voice said in the silence:
'These are corpses clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt you,
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter!'"

"When the evening meal was ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
Springing from among the shadows,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,
Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha;
Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.
Not a word spake Hiawatha,
Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water:
Not a change came o'er their features;
Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, 'They are famished,
Let them do what best delights them;
Let them eat, for they are famished.'"

It seems to us that the poem, of which we have ventured to say so much,—not the only poem in which Mr. Longfellow's true genius is shown, for *Evangeline*, in spite of its rather monotonous hexameters, has much of the genuine prairie-flavour in it,—is one of the really permanent contributions to modern literature, and that no other genius known to us, except Mr. Longfellow's, would have been in any way equal to the work. It is not grasp of imagination, so much as the grace and sweep of a peculiarly majestic *fancy*,—a fancy like the impulsive fancy of children, yet with the self-contained dignity of men,—which was needed for the

task; and so perfectly has it been performed that it has added not only a new subject, but a wholly new group of conceptions, to the stores of our literature. We wish that England could be as grateful to Mr. Longfellow for this as we think that she ought to be. Then he would be far better satisfied with his welcome, than he can be if he believes, as many believe with more or less justice, that the heartiness of that welcome is due to our admiration for the boyish and thin enthusiasm of verses whose best function it would be to warn manly and pure sentiment against the habit of effeminate expression. If we admire a real poet for that which is not real poetry, he must necessarily feel that it is but an accident that we have happened to admire in him a real poet at all.

From The Spectator, 13 June.

THE FALL OF SAMARCAND.

THE occupation of Samarcand by the Russians will prove, we fear, a very grave event. No details have yet reached England, the report of the Emir's death is not confirmed, and Russian officers in Central Asia systematically overrate the number of their opponents, not, we believe, to deceive their own Government, but to excite interest in the Russian people. Nevertheless, it seems certain that a battle was fought early in May, that the Emir of Bokhara was defeated, and that Samarcand either surrendered or was taken by storm; and those incidents, if true, involve the subjugation of Bokhara. These Asiatic States never rally, the people are hardly interested enough to organize guerilla war, and the "moral" power of the Czars is almost irresistible. Even in India, the natives, who do know something of English strength and weakness, usually submit after one defeat; and up there, in those regions behind the world, the Czar seems greater, less human, more like a supernatural agent, than ever the Company seemed in Hindostan. Bokhara may henceforward be considered a Russian dependency, and the difficulties already so thick round the Indian Viceroy will, we fear, almost overwhelm him. The great Club which governs India, and has so often proved itself stronger than the Viceroys, already irritated by the policy of inaction, will be half frenzied with humiliation and fear, and may compel Sir John Lawrence, with or without sanction from home, to intervene in the struggle. The pressure from Afghanistan itself will be tremendous, every chief declaring that unless he receives

support from Calcutta he will seek it in Samarcand. The anti-Russian section of the India House will point triumphantly to this confirmation of their fears, and from St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and Teheran grave information will begin to flow in on the Foreign Office. The Anglo-Indians will be almost ready to conquer Afghanistan by subscription, and though they are, as we deem, utterly in the wrong, it is folly to ignore the arguments they adduce. The *Times* does good service in resisting their pressure; but nothing is gained by asserting that the independence of Bokhara does not matter, and that Russia has no interest in the conquest of India. The independence of Bokhara does matter, for three very important reasons. First and least, its conquest will enable the Russians to plant themselves on the Oxus, in a position from which they can open a road to Herat, can avail themselves of their influence in Teheran, and can spread through Afghanistan and Northern India the idea that "they are coming." Secondly, the victory will show them to the tribes of the North as the heirs of Jenghiz, the possessors of his capital, the owner of the green stone to which all Tartar roads converge. Thirdly, they have arrived within the charmed circle covered by the Hindoo imagination, within the world of which Punjabees have heard, within the region from which all conquerors of India have descended into the plains. Henceforward, for years to come, a restless expectation of a white Jenghiz will be visible through Northern India, a vague impression that "a cycle is past" very dangerous to all habits of quiet submission. Bokhara is far from Herat, Herat far from Peshawur; but Calcutta is twice as far as the farthest, and yet a rumor in a Calcutta bazaar can make Peshawur bubble with excitement. The Russians are not in the citadel, are not near it; but they have emerged from the Northern shadow into the brighter light, and are visible to its garrisons. They have, moreover, we repeat, one direct, immediate, and most pressing interest in the conquest of India. They are to speak figuratively, lords of the mountain, while it is in the plain that wealth must be sought. They are masters of Northern Asia from the Pole to the Oxus, from the Caucasus to the Sea of Okhotsk, that is, of a world lying in shadow almost impenetrable to European eyes, of cities of which we know nothing, of plains scarcely traversed by white men, but in which the human race might encamp, of ranges as vast though not as high as the Andes, of rivers as long though not as navigable as the Mississippi. By incessant exertion

and great expenditure, by disciplining nomad warriors and by never forgiving an act of disobedience, they do contrive to maintain some effective government through these vast regions; but they bitterly need revenue, and revenue grows farther South. It is impossible for a Russian statesman to read a report from Central Asia, to glance at a map, to sanction an expedition without longing to possess some one of the regions to the South, where the population is as thick as the jungle, where the earth yields a hundred and seventy fold, where a pitiless yet scientific government could tax *à miséricorde*. Statesmen may reject altogether imaginative nonsense about a plan for the conquest of the world, and yet believe that the Russian Treasury thirsts for a slice either of India or China, that the Foreign Office of St. Petersburg sees well how terrible a diversion a Russo-Persian force might create in the next struggle for Stamboul.

We do not wonder in the least at the Anglo-Indian excitement, or even at the form it usually assumes. It was not by sitting still that India was conquered, and those who conquered it naturally believe that the audacity which has succeeded for a century will succeed for ever. Difficulties have no meaning for men who see 70,000 Europeans ruling a continent and a fifth of the human race. What is Candahar, that a man who invaded Scinde should hesitate to enter it? or Afghanistan compared with Abyssinia? or Bokhara, when one has helped to plunder the Summer Palace of the Emperors of China? It is all natural enough, and in its way creditable besides — there being virtues as useful as humility — but still it is the duty of the English Press to warn the Anglo-Indians that they must wait for the signal, and that it will not be given yet, or given in the way they demand. Even admitting their data, that Russia does intend one day to conquer India, and that her encampment on the Oxus brings her within the range of the grand Southern Viceroyalty, the way to meet her is not to occupy up to Herat. Down to the Suleiman, or, if that is too much to ask, down at least to Herat, the conquests of Russia are beneficial to the world. She is civilizing and organizing races who could neither be civilized nor organized without conquest, is bringing lands as separate as if they were in another world within the influence of Europe. The process is a good one even if its motive be mere selfishness, and it is accomplished, as we believe, without any extravagant amount of human suffering. If it were not, the minute white force employed

in Asia, less, we believe, than 50,000 in all, could not hold down half a world, nor could desert tribes be turned by two or three officers into effective Russian cavalry. It is no business of ours to interrupt a movement which, among other momentous results, guarantees the weak and wealthy South of Asia, with its 500 millions of inhabitants—the half, at least, of mankind—from ever again being conquered by barbarian hordes. We have no moral duty in the matter, unless it be to come to such an arrangement with Russia as shall enable her and us to govern leniently, to do our destined work without overmuch either of suspiciousness or oppression. Had the offer of the Emperor Nicholas to Sir Hamilton Seymour been accepted, an arrangement might have been made which would have given Europe centuries of quiet supremacy in Asia, and even yet that splendid result is not wholly beyond the range of possibilities. Arrangement with Russia, not struggle against Russia, ought, if she will consent, to be the British policy in Asia, and the nearer she comes to our frontier the more clearly will that arrangement seem possible to the Indian Government. If it is not, if the division of Asia without the division of her revenue seems to Russian statesmen unendurable, the great contest can still be fought out most easily in the Punjab, where our armies have the wall of the Himalaya for a frontier, the sea for a flanking fortress, and an entire system of Railways for a base. If any one desired to assign us the worst position conceivable for that battle of Armageddon, it would be Afghanistan, with the Himalaya between us and our resources, with no clear road to the

sea, and with all India quivering with excitement in our rear. Let the Russians drag themselves over the desert, but it is not for us to impose that task upon ourselves. The Anglo-Indians say that the natives will rise, and that is of course the most terrible of the contingencies in the future; but they can rise behind us just as well as around us, and are far more likely to do it. Why Hindostanee Mohammedans should love an invader who is the sworn foe of the Moslem faith, who is menacing it in Constantinople and crushing it in Central Asia, we have yet to learn; but granting the improbable, the worst possible way to fight a tiger is to stand with your back to his mouth.

On the question of subsidies or the "medium policy," as it is called, Sir John Lawrence, we imagine, will be compelled to yield, and we do not feel strongly impelled to object. Half a million goes a great way north of the Indus, and if the Anglo-Indians like to waste 120,000*l.* a year in enabling a son of Dost Mohammed to keep up a decent army, or a few thousands more in buying contradictory information, there is no particular reason why they should not be gratified. We would much rather spend the money in buying the fidelity of the door-keeper tribes, the tribes of the passes, who are only restless because they cannot eat rocks; but the Government of Lahore is the proper authority to decide a point like that, which at worst involves only an endurable outlay of cash. Our contentions are, that if Russia is friendly, she is a better neighbour than the brigands she is treading down; and if she is hostile, she can best be resisted within the Suleiman.

THE ORIGIN OF DIXIE.—I do not wish to spoil a pretty illusion, but the real truth is that Dixie is an indigenous Northern negro refrain. No one ever heard of Dixie's land being other than Manhattan Island until recently, when it has been erroneously supposed to refer to the South, from its connection with the pathetic negro allegory. When slavery existed in New York, one Dixy owned a large tract of land on Manhattan Island, and a large number of slaves. The increase of slaves, and the increase of abolition sentiment, caused an emigration of slaves to more thorough and secure slave sections, and the negroes who were thus sent off naturally looked back upon their old homes, as they could not imagine any place like Dixy's. Hence it became synonymous with an ideal locality, combin-

ing ease, comfort, and material happiness of every description. In those days negro singing and minstrelsy were in their infancy, and any subject that could be brought into a ballad was eagerly picked up. This was the case with Dixie. It originated in New York, and assumed the proportions of a song there. In its travels it has been enlarged, and has gathered moss. It has picked up a note here and a note there. A chorus has been added to it, and from an indistinct chant of two or three notes it has become an elaborate melody. But the fact is, it is not a Southern song, and cannot be rubbed out. The fallacy is so popular to the contrary, that I have thus far been at pains to get the real origin of it.

Cor. N. O. Delta.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY TO THE WESTERN NATIONS.

In the House of Representatives, on the 9th June, while the Clerk was reading the journal, the Chinese Embassy was announced. The House received their visitors standing, and they entered with the reception committee, Messrs. Schenck, Banks, and Brooks.

Mr. Schenck of Ohio, after the embassy had reached the front of the Speaker, said:

Mr. Speaker:—The committee charged by your appointment with that duty have the honor to present now to the House of Representatives his Excellency Anson Burlingame and their Excellencies his assistants of the Chinese embassy.

The Speaker, rising, pronounced his speech of welcome in the following words:—

Your Excellencies:—The House of Representatives intermits its ordinary labors to-day to receive in this hall the embassy which the oldest nation of the world has commissioned to America and Europe, and in the name of the people of the United States we bid you welcome. Spanning a continent in our own area, from the Bay of Fundy to the granite portals of the Golden State, we turn our faces from the fatherland of Europe to clasp hands in closer relations than ever before with those who come to us from that continent which was the birthplace of mankind. Nor does it lessen our pleasure that the chief of this embassy, transferred as he was from membership here to diplomatic duties abroad, so won the confidence of his Imperial Majesty to whom he was accredited, that he returns to our midst honored with his distinguished associates as the custodians of the most remarkable trust ever committed by an Emperor to his envoys. This embassy of the Chinese Empire, which has attracted such universal attention, has been hailed throughout our land not only as marking an onward step in the world's history, but, as being of peculiar interest to this republic. With our Western States fronting the same Pacific sea on which the millions of China had looked ages before our country was born into the family of nations, with our Pacific railroad rapidly approaching completion, and destined, with the steamers plying from its termini east and west, to become the highway of commerce between Asia and Europe, with our possessions on the Pacific slope nearest of all the great nations to the Empire from which you came, we hail your appearance at this capi-

tol as the augury of closer commercial and international intercourse. Wishing for you as cordial a greeting wherever you may go, — on the Thames and the Seine, the Danube and the Rhine, the Baltic and the Adriatic, — I give you again an earnest and heartfelt welcome.

Mr. Burlingame responded to the Speaker's address of welcome. He said:—

Mr. Speaker:—On behalf of my associates and myself, I thank you for this warm and unusual reception. It transcends all personal compliment. It is the greeting of one great people by another. It is the Occident and the Orient for the first time in that electric contact whose touch makes the whole world akin. It is the meeting of two civilizations which have hitherto revolved in separate spheres. It is a mighty revolution. Let us hope, sir, that it will go on without those convulsions which are too apt to mark great changes in human affairs. Let us hope that it will be achieved without the shedding of one drop of human blood. We are for peace. We come not with the beat of the drum, nor with martial tread, though representing the latent power of eighty millions of fighting men. We are the heralds of good will. We seek for China that equality without which nations and men are degraded. We seek not only the good of China, but we seek your good and the good of all mankind. We do this in no sentimental sense: we would be practical as the toiling millions whom we represent. We invite you to a broader trade; we invite you to a more intimate examination of the structure of Chinese civilization; we invite you to a better appreciation of the manners of that people, their temperance, their patience, their habits of scholarship, their competitive examination, their high culture of tea and silk; and we shall ask for them from you modern science, which has taken its great development within the memory of man, and the holy doctrines of our Christian faith. It is for the West to say what our reception shall be: it is for the West to say whether or not it was sincere when it continued for a long time to invite China to a more intimate relation with it: it is for the West to say whether it is for a fair and open policy, or for one founded on prejudice and on that assumption of superiority which is justified neither by physical ability nor moral education. The people of the United States have responded through their Executive, and this House through their Speaker, with a unanimity and nobility of sentiment which makes

me proud of the civilization in which I was raised, and glad to see it passed in review by the scholars and statesmen of China. I trust, sir, that the American people will abide by that sentiment, and I do hope it is but an earnest of that spirit which will meet us on the shores of the distant seas, and on the banks of the beautiful rivers, which you, sir, have named. Thanking the House for this reception, and you, sir, for the felicitous and able manner in which you have expressed its welcome, we await such further action as the proprieties of the occasion may require. [Applause and clapping of hands by the spectators in the galleries.]

The members of the House were then presented to the ambassadors.

All the presentations having taken place, the members of the embassy took their seats in chairs ranged in the area, and the House went on with the business, including a vote by yeas and nays. Finally, at twelve o'clock, the signal was given, and the embassy, escorted by the committee, left the hall, the members of the House paying it the respect of standing up as it retired.

THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

FOURTEEN hundred years ago—it is the recorded evidence of written history—the Buddhist priests of China, representing a civilization and religion young enough to be aggressive, and led by missionary zeal, forced their way into our continent through its northwestern gate—Alaska—and explored intelligently and with tolerable thoroughness the Pacific slope.

This is history, although Mr. Sumner has not embodied it in his exhaustive oration. Professor Carl Newman, of Munich, whose name accredits all his statements, while in China, where he spent many years in a study of Chinese antiquities and bibliography, having collected, perhaps, the best China library extant, out of that kingdom, found in the year-books of the empire this fact well established. Those famous volumes have been preserved in that conservative country with marvellous care and accuracy, second only, perhaps, to that with which they were written. This distinguished scholar from these learned the story of the wonderful travels of the fifth century. Impelled by the laudable desire to carry their faith to the ends of the world, the priests of that day ventured the snows of the north and the stormy passage of the Aleutian isles, gained our western shore,

and permeated into Mexico. This was the country which struck them with especial admiration, and of which they have left flowing and impassioned descriptions. They called it the land of Fusung,—fusung being the Chinese name for the maguay or Mexican aloe, the fecund and wondrous tree which furnished the indolent and sensuous natives with shelter, clothing, and drink.

This marvellous episode of history has passed out of memory, out of common tradition, and had almost been buried in the débris of forgotten records,—the pub. docs. of fourteen centuries ago. The time had not yet come,—the religion of the East was broad enough for all the lands. The heart and conscience of the world had not been awakened to the duties and responsibilities of the common brotherhood of race, and the bravery and devotion and learning of the old Buddhist priests went for nothing, or at least served only to point an ephemeral tale.

The intercourse between continent and continent, which the long years have buried in oblivion, is to-day strangely renewed. The embassy headed by Mr. Burlingame is only another page of the bewildering romance, grander than the wildest flights of oriental fancy, that crowds our swiftly advancing decade. No one can read the report of the banquet just given to the embassy, and the speeches made, as related yesterday, without emotions of intense intellectual excitement. The whole scene is a grand and impressive tribute to our advancing civilization. It tells of a latent strength in our undeveloped catholicity, which is working out for us a future we could not perhaps now even comprehend. And our country leads the van, "foremost in the files of time," and our radical, aggressive, moving party leads the country. *Gloria tibi, Domine.*

Press, 25 June.

From The New York Herald of 24 June.

THE GRAND BANQUET TO MR. BURLINGAME AND HIS ASSOCIATES OF THE CHINESE EMBASSY, IN NEW YORK.

LAST evening the citizens of New York gave a banquet in honor of Ahson Burlingame and his associates of the Chinese embassy, at Delmonico's. Over two hundred of our leading citizens were present. At half-past six o'clock the company entered the room, and shortly after the visitors, accompanied by Governor Fenton and Mayor Hoffman, proceeded to the elevated table assigned them: Over the president's chair

were suspended the American and Chinese flags intertwined. The Divine blessing was invoked upon America and China by Rev. Dr. Osgood. When the cloth was removed the president announced the first toast,—"The President of the United States," after which the second toast—"The Emperor of China"—was proposed, the band performing a Chinese national air.

Governor Fenton then spoke. We give the following extract from his speech:—

It was my fortune to be associated with Mr. Burlingame for several years in Congress, and I rejoiced in his selection, early in the administration of Mr. Lincoln, to represent our country at the oldest, the most populous, and, in many respects, the most interesting of the nations of the Eastern continent. His age and education, his fidelity to the leading ideas of human progress, and his ambition, seemed to me auspicious of enlarged intercourse with this numerous and wealthy people, and of an advance in civilization much more than the most sanguine hopes could expect, and which the persons and object of this embassy, that honors us to-night, enable us more fully to realize. A country embracing in one nationality nearly one-half the population of the earth, and older than any other government, principality, or empire since the world began, could not fail to be to us an object of deep and unremitting inquiry.

The president gave the next toast: "Our Guests, his Excellency Anson Burlingame, and his associates of the Chinese Embassy."

Hon. Anson Burlingame responded as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND CITIZENS OF NEW YORK:—Our first duty is to thank you for this cordial greeting; to say to you that it is not only appreciated by us, but that it will be appreciated by the distant people whom we represent; to thank you for this unanimous expression of good will on the part of the great city of New York; to thank you, that, rising above all local and party considerations, you have given a broad and generous welcome to a movement made in the interests of all mankind. [Applause.] We are but the humble heralds of this movement. It originated beyond the boundaries of our own thoughts, and has taken dimensions beyond the reach of our most ardent hopes. That East which men have sought since the days of Alexander now itself seeks the West. [Renewed applause.] China,

emerging from the mists of time, but yesterday suddenly entered your western gates, and confronts you by its representatives here to-night. What have you to say to her? She comes with no menace on her lips; she comes with the great doctrine of Confucius, uttered two thousand three hundred years ago: "Do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you." Will you not respond with the more positive doctrine of Christianity, "We will do unto others what we would have others do unto us"? [Great applause.] She comes with your international law. She tells you that she is willing to come into relations according to it; that she is willing to abide by its provisions; that she is willing to take its obligations for its privileges. She asks you to forget your ancient prejudices, to abandon your assumptions of superiority, to submit your questions with her as she proposes to submit her questions to you,—to the arbitrament of reason. She wishes no war; she asks of you not to interfere in her internal affairs; she asks you not to send lecturers who are incompetent men; she asks that you will respect the neutrality of her waters and the integrity of her territory; she asks, in a word, to be left perfectly free to unfold herself precisely in that form of civilization of which she is the most capable to judge. She asks you to give to those treaties which were made under the pressure of war a generous and Christian construction. Because you have done this, because the Western nations have reversed their old doctrine of force, she responds; and in proportion as you have done that, in proportion as you have expressed your good will, she has come forth to meet you. And I aver that there is no spot on this earth where there has been greater progress made within the past few years than in the empire of China. She has extended her business and reformed her revenue system. She is changing her military and naval organizations, and is establishing a great school where modern science and the foreign languages are to be taught. She has done this after a great war lasting through thirteen years,—a war out of which she comes with no national debt. You must remember how dense is her population, and how difficult it is to introduce radical changes in such a country as that. The introduction of your own steamers threw out of employment one hundred thousand junkmen, and the introduction of several hundred foreigners into her civil service embittered, of course, the ancient native employes. The establishment of a school was firmly resisted by a party led by one of the greatest men of the empire. Yet in spite of all this the

present government of China has advanced steadily along the path of progress, sustained, it is true, by the enlightened European and Western Powers now at Peking, and guided largely by a modest and able man, — Mr. Hart, the inspector general of customs, at the head of the foreign employes of China. Yet, notwithstanding this manifest progress, there are people who will tell you that China has made no progress — that her views are retrograde, and they will tell you that it is the duty of the Western treaty Powers to combine for the purpose of coercing China into reforms which they may desire and which she may not desire; to undertake to say that these people have no rights which we are bound to respect. In their coarse language they say, "Take her by the throat," using the tyrant's plea. They say they know better what China wants than China herself does. Not only do they desire to introduce new reforms born of their own interests and their own caprice, but they tell you that the present dynasty must fall, and the whole structure of Chinese civilization must be overthrown. I know that these views are abhorred by the governments and the countries from which they come; but they are far away from their countries. They are active, brave, and unscrupulous, and if they happen to be officials it is in their power to complicate affairs and to involve ultimately their distant countries in war.

Now it is against the malign spirit of this tyrannical element that this mission was sent forth to the Christian world. [Applause.] It was sent forth that China might have her difficulties stated. That I happen to be at the head of it is, perhaps, more an accident than any design. It is, perhaps, that I had been longer there than my colleagues; it was because I was about to leave; it was because, also, — and probably more than all, — because my humble name was associated with the establishment of the co-operative policy, which, co-operating with abler men than myself, was established not many years ago. It is to sustain that policy — which has received the warm approval of all the great treaty Powers, and which is cherished by China — that we are sent forth; and it is in behalf of that generous policy, founded upon principles of eternal justice, that I would rally the strongest thing on this earth, — the enlightened public opinion of the world. [Loud cheers.] I desire that the autonomy of China may be preserved; that her independence may be maintained; that she may have equality, and that she may dispense equal privileges to all the nations.

If the opposite school is to prevail, if you are to use coercion against that great people, then who is to exercise the coercion? Whose forces are you to use? Whose views are you to establish? You see the very attempt to carry out any such tyrannical policy would involve not only China, but would involve you, in bloody wars with each other. There are men of that tyrannical school who say that China is not fit to sit at the council-board of the nations, who call them barbarians, who attack them on all occasions with a bitter and unrelenting spirit. These things I utterly deny. I say, on the contrary, that that is a great and noble people. It has all the elements of a splendid nationality. It has the most numerous people on the face of the globe; it is the most homogeneous people in the world; its language is spoken by more human beings than any other in the world, and it is written in the rock; it is a country where there is a greater unification of thought than any other country in the world, it is a country where the maxims of the great sages, coming down memorized, have permeated the whole people, until their knowledge is rather an instinct than an acquirement. It is a people loyal while living, and whose last prayer when dying is to sleep in the sacred soil of their fathers. It is a land of scholars and of schools, — a land of books, from the smallest pamphlet up to encyclopedias of five thousand volumes. It is a land, sir, as you have said, where the privileges are common; it is a land without caste, for they destroyed their feudal system two thousand one hundred years ago, and they built up their great structure of civilization on the great idea that the people are the source of power. [Applause.] That idea was uttered by Menchius two thousand three hundred years ago, and it was old when he uttered it. The power flows forth from that people into practical government through the co-operative system, and they make scholarship a test of merit. I say it is a great, a polite, a patient, a sober, and an industrious people; and it is such a people as this that the bitter boor would exclude from the council-hall of the nations. It is such a nation as this that the tyrannical element would put under its ban. They say that all these people (a third of the human race) must become the weak wards of the West, — wards of nations not so populous as many of their provinces, — wards of people who are younger than their newest village in Manchuria.

I do not mean to say that the Chinese are perfect; far from it. They have their faults, their pride, and their prejudices, like

other people. These are profound, and they must be overcome. They have their conceits like other people, and they must be done away; but they are not to be removed by talking to them with cannon, by telling them that they are feeble and weak, and that they are barbarians. No; China has been cut off by her position from the rest of the world. She has been separated from it by limitless deserts and broad oceans. But now, when the views of men expand, we behold the very globe itself diminishing in size; now, when science has dissipated the desert, and when it has narrowed the ocean, we find that China, seeing another civilization on every side, has her eyes wide open to the situation. She sees Russia on the north, Europe on the west, and America on the east; she sees a cloud of sail on her coast; she sees mighty steamers coming from everywhere, bow on; she feels the spark from the electric telegraph falling hot upon her everywhere, and she rouses herself, not in anger, but for argument. She finds that by not being in a position to compete with other nations for so long a time, she has lost ground; she comprehends very well that she must come into relations with those civilizations which are pressing all around her, and, feeling that, she does not wait, but comes out to you and extends to you her hand. [Applause.] She tells you she is ready to take upon her ancient civilization the graft of your civilization; that she is ready to take back her own inventions with all their developments; that she is willing to trade with you, to buy of you, to sell to you, to help you to strike off the shackles from trade. She invites your merchants, she invites your missionaries, and tells them to plant the shining cross on every hill and in every valley, for she is hospitable to fair argument. She offers you almost free trade to-day, holding the great staples of the earth,—tea and silk; she charges you scarcely any tariff on the exports you send out to exchange for them. She is willing to meet the interior questions which are arising now as to transit dues; and if you will only have patience with her and right reason on your side, she will settle these to your satisfaction. The country is open; you may travel and trade where you like. What complaint have you to make of her? Show her, I say, fair play; exhibit that to her, and you will bless the toiling millions of the world. That trade which has in my own day in China risen from eighty-two millions to three hundred millions is but a tithe of the enormous trade that may take place with China in the future. Let her alone; give her her indepen-

dence; let her develop herself in her own time and in her own way. She has no hostility to you. Let her do this, and she will initiate a movement which will be felt in every workshop in the civilized world. She says now: "Send us your wheat, lumber, gold, silver, goods from everywhere; we will take as many of them as we can; we will give you back our tea, silk, and free labor, which we have sent so largely out into the world, which is overflowing upon Siam, the British Possessions, Singapore, Manilla, Peru, Cuba, Australia, and California." What she asks is that you will be as kind to her people as she is to yours. She wishes simply that you will do justice. She is willing not only to exchange goods with you, but to exchange thoughts; she is willing to give you her intellectual civilization for your material civilization. Let her alone, and the caravans towards the North and Russia will swarm larger than they are now. Let her alone, and the great steamers of the "P." and "O." and the Messagerie Imperiale may multiply their coming. Let her alone, and that great line which is the pride of New York—the Pacific Mail—may increase, or as many other lines as you may choose to form, may increase their tonnage ten-fold, and they will still have to leave their freight uncarried, as at present, on the wharf at Hong-Kong and Yokohama. The imagination kindles at the future which may be, and will be, if you will be just and fair to China. Citizens of New York, I must close. I have spoken at considerable length already. I thank you once again for this kind, generous, and unanimous reception. So intertwined are the affairs of men that whatever New York thinks unanimously will be felt and thought in all the commercial capitals of the Christian world.

Mr. Burlingame was loudly cheered on resuming his seat.

Several other appropriate toasts were given and responded to. The festivities were kept up until near midnight.

From The N. Y. Times, 27 June.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY—CHINA AN EMPIRE OF PROGRESS.

THERE is an old saying that everything has a handle, if we only knew where to find it. For ages it has been the complaint of the civilized world that China had no handle. We could not get at it or into it, or do anything with it. The result shows that there was a way, nevertheless, for Mr. Burlingame has found it. He has pronounced

"Open Sesame," and the everlasting hinges begin to creak, the huge gates begin to turn, and the deep recesses of ancient empire are opened to light. We enter, and China becomes part of the world.

Why, what do we see here to-day? Live ambassadors from an empire which traces its origin back through the mists of antiquity almost to the time when the smoke of sacrifice went up from the heights of Ararat, and Nimrod hunted the buffalo and boar on the plains of Shinar,—an embassy from the very nation whose primal founder and lawgiver, before Pythagoras began disputing in the schools, laid it down as an unchangeable law that all the outside world were barbarians, and that "there should never be legislation for barbarians." The "Infallible Medium" of Confucius has given place to *Wheaton's Law of Nations*. The imperial descendant of Kubla Khan, who has stood stock still for two thousand years, has all of a sudden commenced swinging round the circle, leading off, as was most proper, with "Andy Johnson, of Tennessee."

In good truth, this sudden movement of the Chinese Government is one of the greatest events of this eventful decade. It is the introduction of a new and vast element into the activities of the world,—an element which is to change the aspect of general civilization, and is particularly to tell upon the future interests of our own Republic. The mere making China our next neighbor, as will quickly be done by the completion of the Pacific Railroad, we are accustomed to say, is fraught with prodigious consequence to all of our commercial interests; but we need something else than mere physical neighborhood to secure that. Were China to maintain its old *moral* alienation from ourselves and the rest of the human family, the Pacific Railroad would not help us a tithe to any new commercial relations. For all commercial purposes, so far as China is concerned, it might as well stretch toward the moon. The best thing about this embassy is that it is a practical assurance that the old moral barrier which divided China from us has disappeared forever, giving our future intercourse with it the moral facilities and securities without which successful commerce can nowhere exist.

It is curious how inadequate is the common estimate of the greatness and development of the Chinese Empire. We can scarcely avoid a patronizing air in showing the envoys all our fine things, when the truth is that they have to be very polite to avoid laughing in their sleeves while we do it. If the *Times* could engage one of these ambas-

sadors to be one of its special correspondents during his stay, to give us his actual impressions and opinions of what he sees, it would make about as rich reading as has been seen since Gulliver's voyage to Lilliput.

We talk of our glorious history, when, in fact, our country is as the babe of yesterday compared to theirs. Before the founding of Rome, prior to the first monarchs of Israel, China had attained the dignity of a settled State, if not with its present greatness yet with all the germs of that greatness.

Our territorial extent, of which we are so proud, is no larger, even with frozen Alaska in, than their "Flowery Land." A glance at the map will show that China embraces no less than thirty-eight degrees of latitude and seventy-four degrees of longitude. And the resources of this vast area are quite equal to ours. It has about the same extent of coast-line; and, occupying every conceivable altitude from the sea-level to the snow-line, its soil can supply every material want known to man.

We boast of our population, but probably our Chinese visitors are quietly wondering how such a handful of people venture to call themselves a great nation. Their land, according to the last census, has four hundred millions, nearly a third of the entire human race, and far more than all the population of North America and South America combined. Several of their eighteen Provinces, answering to our States, have each more people than our whole Republic. They have a plenty of cities, each with a larger population than the largest of our States. Our New Yorks and Philadelphias are but villages in comparison. The missionary Nevius tells us that each of the provincial capitals contains, on an average, about a million of inhabitants, and is surrounded by a wall of hewn stone or of brick, from twenty to twenty-five feet in height, and from three to fifteen English miles in circumference. Neither is this immense population stationary, as we are apt to imagine. In fact, they are even more locomotive than Americans. Travelers have said that the amount of internal traveling in China is really extraordinary,—that there are continuous streams of travelers on horse, on foot, and on litters, from Canton to the Great Wall, some 1,500 miles, in many parts so crowded as to impede one another, and so numerous as to leave no traveler out of sight of others, before and behind. Among these are long lines of merchandise. Nor is this locomotion all internal, as we have pretty good proof in the incessant movement which has been go-

ing on from China to California ever since the discovery of gold in the latter. As for our population, then, it is probable that these envoys have formed the notion that it is very sparse, and also very quiet!

Nor can we assume any superiority on the score of our great inventions and discoveries. Our visitors will see little here, from the printing-art to the mowing-machine, with which their ancestors were not familiar a thousand years ago, — the same ancestors who originated the manufacture of porcelain, and first gave to mankind the mariner's compass. As for the art of all arts, the art of fertilizing the ground, and getting much food from little space, the envoys doubtless consider us altogether primitive. Familiar as they are with that elaborate system by which every particle, liquid or solid, of the refuse of their great cities is saved and applied as manure to the fields, they cannot but stare at the recklessness or stupidity which suffers all of the offal of our streets to be carted or washed off into our bays and rivers, defiling the water, and worse than an absolute waste. Says Stockhardt, in his *Agricultural Chemistry*, "Much as Europe may look down upon China, it may still go to school to that country in regard to the utilization of human refuse."

Then again, we plume ourselves upon our charitable institutions. Our guests will, of course, be taken the regular round of our city charities. But we advise the ten Governors to be a little modest in doing this business, especially in doing up Randall's Island, and to refrain from all invidious comparison between the Chinese care of friendless children and that which prevails here. We are quite in earnest, in spite of the prevalent notion that the ditches, canals, and rivers and streets of China are strewn, ever and anon, with the bodies of infants that have been killed by their horrid mothers over-night, and that carts heavily roll along daily to wheel away the dead and dying boys and girls thrown out by their unnatural parents! Our charitable Governors may as well forget all such stories of Chinese infanticide, and ask their visitors for suggestions about the right management of foundling hospitals. The chance is they would get some useful information, which would reduce the present disgraceful rate of mortality among the helpless innocents confided to their charge. For instance, they might be referred to some of the rules of a foundling hospital which stands in the southeast part of Shanghai, in a retired lane, where, over an unpretending porch, is the inscription on stone in Chinese, "The Hall for Nourishing

Infants," and on the right side of the entrance, a drawer, nicely wadded with cotton, which when shut rings a bell inside the building, all designed for the safe deposit of any babe that may be brought there by day or night. A late traveler quotes from an annual report of this institution as follows: —

"Nothing can be so important in the rearing of infants as to select suitable wet-nurses. This ought always to be attended to with caution. Should any woman wish to obtain such a situation in our establishment, her own husband may come and give in her name, or a relative may do so, or a neighbor; but they must likewise stand security for her. The resident officers must then see that she is really able to suckle; if she be approved of, let her full name be entered on the lists, and when the foundlings are brought in, let them be distributed among these wet-nurses as need be. Let there be constant vigilance to ascertain whether these women prove neglectful of their charge, or pass the children over to other hands, or exchange the children among themselves, so as to avoid trouble; or, what is worse than all, whether they have sent their own children into the building, and then offered themselves as nurses for the sake of gain. It is the duty of the officers of this establishment to make all these inquiries. Should any of the nurses be charged with light offences, dismiss them at once and appoint others in their stead; but for more serious offences, let them be handed over to the justice of the law."

Specific regulations of the most humane and wisest character are also given respecting the clothing and regimen of the children, any one of which our own asylums might adopt with advantage. This institution is no new thing in China. It was founded as long ago as 1710, and others like it exist in all the principal cities of the Empire.

We talk a great deal of our unparalleled progress, and are fond of making that our unique distinction among the nations. Well, as to that there may perhaps be some doubt whether China has not the precedence, — the same China that we used to laugh at as the most backward of nations. At all events, we have the word of Mr. Burlingame to the contrary. In his banquet speech, the other evening, he claimed for China this very distinction of unequalled progress. His emphatic language was: "I aver that there is no spot on earth where there has been greater progress made, within the past few years,

than in the *Empire of China*; she has expanded her business; she has reformed her revenue system; she has established a great university, where modern science and foreign languages are to be taught." China has been pushing on to this position in spite of being engaged at the same time in repelling the attacks of the two strongest nations of Europe, and in putting down a domestic rebellion of incomparably greater magnitude than our own. Surely this argues that China is not superannuated yet, and that, old as she is, she still retains wonderful inherent energy. Moreover, this energy is to be reinforced by Christianity, everywhere the most potent of all elements in advancing national development. Under the present system, all the old bars to the introduction of Christianity have been removed, and the most unrestricted scope is given to this as to every other civilizing agency. China is hastening to its rightful development. It is preparing to play a part in this wonderful period which no imagination can over-estimate. Our people are doing nobly in so hailing the embassy which heralds it.

From The Spectator, 20 June.

THE RELIGIOUS DANGER OF THE CONTINENT.

If the philosophers and the masses are in accord on the Continent, as Mr. Disraeli says they are in England, the Priests will one day have to pass through a bad quarter of an hour. One of the most marked signs of the times in Catholic countries is the extent to which irreligion is becoming a religion, a fanaticism as fierce and as propagandist as that of any creed has ever been. The change is not so perceptible in the Protestant States, where irreligion tends towards indifference, or rather to a tone of mind lower even than that,—the tone of England just before Whitfield began his career, a tone under which the supernatural is neither loved, nor hated, nor feared, nor discussed, but simply ignored, as one might suppose it to be among bees. There is plenty of spiritual energy left in Protestant Germany, but in places and among certain classes of society, especially the very respectable, spiritual life seems to have been smitten with paralysis. A friend who has been residing some months in Hesse says that nothing struck him, when fresh from the controversial vivacity of English life—where people now discuss the First Cause in drawing-rooms and argue about the soul over their soup—so much as the apathy of the edu-

cated upon the whole subject. They seemed to feel about theology as men without ear feel about music, as something some people were interested in, possibly a something great, possibly a something trivial; but anyhow, a something of which they understood neither the laws, nor the motives, nor the pleasures, nor the pains, nor even the terminology. Scripture to them was as Handel to the deaf, spiritualism as counterpoint, a great theological work as a great oratorio. It was not that they wanted none of it; their indifference went even farther than that, till it suggested a natural incapacity. This, however, is not the tone of irreligion in the Catholic countries of the Continent. There the new attitude of Catholicism, its fiercely aggressive obscurantist and persecuting tone, has irritated scepticism to passion, to a hatred of Catholicism and its ministers which in its ferocity and the concreteness of its manifestations recalls the days of the first French Revolution. The laughing scepticism of "polite society" is vanishing away, and in its place we have a propagandist spirit which cannot be content without overt acts. Men write, it is reported, from all parts of France to congratulate M. de Sainte Beuve, most brilliant among essayists and among the few remaining masters of the lost art of conversation, to congratulate him on maintaining the "sacred cause" of Materialism in the Senate, and one such correspondent signs himself a member "of the grand diocese," thus making of denial not only a creed, but an ecclesiastical organization. Others, said to be thousands in number, bind themselves by oath never to accept the services of the Church in life, in death, or after death; to be married by civil ceremonial, to reject the "last offices"—which in Catholic countries have a social as well as religious importance—and to be buried in unconsecrated ground. Our readers remember the astounding explosion of materialism among the students from all parts of the world who assembled at Liège to advertize their scorn and hatred of the ideas involved in the words "God," and "soul," and "revelation," and "Church," a scorn and hate to which words seemed inadequate to give expression except in phrases that smelt of blood. In Belgium, where Ultramontanism has selected its battle-ground, materialism, utter and propagandist, is the creed of all but the religious, and is accompanied by a desire not merely to quit, but to put down the Church as an evil thing, a foe to human society. The struggle is regarded as one between Civilization and the Syllabus, as a warfare between irreconcilable ideas, in

which every weapon is to be welcomed and quarter is disgraceful. M. de Montalembert, who, if a bigot, is furthest of mankind from a fool, declares publicly his belief that Paganism is winning, that the Continent is on the eve of a burst of irreligion, or hatred to religion such as even the Revolution did not produce, in which all institutions claiming to be divine will be overthrown, and men commence the organization of a new and secularist world. So terrified are many thoughtful men at the prospect, that Protestant statesmen like Guizot sway towards Catholicism as the only visible buttress against the wave, and—most significant sign of all—servent Catholics hesitate to proscribe Renan. In England we think him sceptical, in France men orthodox to the backbone doubt whether his sentimental Unitarianism may not be a defence against infinitely more dangerous and thoroughgoing assaults. In Austria we have just seen an explosion of the same spirit, a majority of the Reichsrath exultantly proclaiming that they were all Darwinians, or, as they strangely enough misrepresent that form of speculation, all materialists, intent, as they openly avow, not on limiting or denying the pretensions of the Church, but on compelling it to give up all effort or claim to interfere in any way whatever in human affairs. So long as this spirit was confined to a select circle, it would have little meaning except for students of the various forms of spiritual reaction; but it is fast filtering downwards. That revolt of the Schoolmasters in Austria was a revolt of the leaders of the peasantry, and was directed against ideas as well as against priests. It is stated that the Kaiser has admitted to the Vatican that on religious matters he is not a free agent; that all his soldiers could not enable him to veto the "Godless bills;" and whether this account is correct or not, it is certain that the Austrian masses never got so excited on any secular matter. We have often reminded our readers of the fact that a city riot in Belgium always includes an attack on priests or monasteries, and the curious state of affairs in the Department of Charente is a present illustration of the state of feeling. The priests there are being protected by Lancers from the hands of their flocks, who, were the soldiers withdrawn, would tear them in pieces. The Prefect's idea is that the people are passing through one of those paroxysms of credulity which occasionally seize whole nations,—witness the witchcraft mania in so many countries,—that they are deluded with a report that tithes are to be re-established. That may

be the fact, probably is; but wild outbursts of that sort always embody some latent sentiment, some deeply rooted fear. The man who wants to kill his pastor,—be it remembered, an indispensable pastor under the Roman system,—because the pastor may by possibility be going to tax him, who resists troops in his thirst for his cure's blood, is not in love with the priesthood. During the sixteen years of the Empire, the Ultramontane yoke has been pressed as sharply down as that of every other form of authority, and without disparaging, far less denying, the theory that France has in places become more religious, we cannot but doubt whether there is not also a general hatred of Priests as meddlesome officials of the arbitrary sort, or, as the peasants themselves phrase it, with moustaches sharply drawn up under the nose, as "the black gendamerie."

We confess that as we read of the spirit which manifests itself in France, Belgium, and Austria whenever pressure is removed, we scarcely wonder at the vehemence, or the rage, or even the cruelty of the priesthood. They must feel as the priesthood of the third century felt, impelled at once by an imperative duty and an overmastering fear, as if they were once more fighting a Paganism which, if victorious, would throw them to the lions. If their adversaries win in their present temper, their lives will scarcely be safe; and if their lives are safe, the institutions in which they trust, and to which, be it admitted, the majority of them are sincerely devoted, will be overthrown. It must not be forgotten that to sceptics in Catholic countries the Church presents itself as a corporation which must either be let alone or destroyed, no medium course getting rid of its transcendental claims. In a panic which is not all or even principally selfish the clergy are losing their acuteness, and making blunders which only serve to intensify the hatred of their opponents. They are falling back on their centre for support till their internal freedom threatens to disappear, and the Pope has the courage to ask the Church to pronounce him infallible, and they are endeavouring to reduce those who adhere to them to an almost military obedience. The attack is so determined, defeat would be so terrible, that they incline to place organization above all things, to expel their own ablest friends, if they show the smallest symptom of independence. To take a single illustration of their policy. The very best friends the Clerical order can have are the few highly intellectual men who strive to reconcile Rome with the modern world,

who maintain that Christianity is compatible with any form of material civilization. To such men, the only men who stand between them and the materialists, and the only teachers who might in the last resort teach the masses that no dogma can produce hunger, that freedom is consistent with belief in the Real Presence, and that the unity of the Church does not increase the conscription, the Ultramontanes, constrained by Rome, impelled by fear for themselves, driven by terror for the future of mankind, offer the Syllabus, under penalty of being considered foes like the Voltairians and the Materialists. Naturally, the intellectual Catholics and the laity refuse, being *unable* to deny what they see—that civilization is good; and the Church is really reduced to what its enemies call it, a corporation hostile to society, and as such, in the judgment of those enemies, to be *écrasée*, razed off the ground it cumpers. The Church offers

in Catholic Europe only the alternatives of abject obedience or hostility, and Europe, unable to obey without discretion, accepts the alternative. It is not with pleasure but with pain that we record a growing doubt whether M. de Montalembert is not in the right, whether, if Rome does not change her policy, Europe may not see an explosion of irreligion, or fanatical hatred to religion of every kind, false and true alike, which will make the last quarter of this century the darkest through which modern man has passed. We like not Catholicism, with its sacerdotal claims, or Ultramontanism, with its machine-like obedience; but either is better, Hindooism is better, we had almost written Fetichism is better, than the foul creed which Papal madness is establishing, the creed which has for solitary profession the dogma, "Sugar is sweet."

MR. HENRY C. WILLISTON, connected with the staff of this paper, died yesterday, in Brooklyn, at the age of forty years. Mr. Williston was a native of Syracuse, and when a child came to this city with his father, who was proprietor of the Merchants' Hotel, in Pearl street, and subsequently of the York House, in Cortlandt street, and of a hotel at Shrewsbury. Mr. Williston was educated at Professor Anthon's school, where he was a thoughtful and careful student. He early turned his attention to journalism, and was not only a writer, but a practical printer, having been a compositor in the *Tribune* office.

Some years ago he traveled extensively in Mexico, California, and on the Pacific Coast. He was the actual working editor of the paper in San Francisco conducted by James King, of William, whose death at the hands of ruffians resulted in the Vigilance Committee, the execution and expulsion of much of the rascality in California, and the consequent purification of the State. While living in California Mr. Will-

iston met with an accident by which he became partially paralyzed, and from which he had been a great but an uncomplaining sufferer to the day of his death. A few years since he received a minor appointment in the Custom House of this city, where he won the esteem of all his associates by his assiduity, kindness of heart, and fidelity. A year ago he was engaged upon the staff of this paper as the writer of "Timely Themes," a department which he sustained with much quiet humor, frequent flashes of rare wit, conscientious criticism, versatile knowledge, accurate thought, and elegance of style. He was the most amiable and equably poised of men, of a sensitive nature, patient, and thoughtful. He won the warm affection of all his associates, and the regard of all who knew him. Living with a married sister, he had a pleasant home, in which his kindly nature had full exercise, and which his departure has shrouded with profoundest sorrow.

Com. Adv., 18 June.